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A R C H E R Y;

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,
NOBLEMEN,
AND THE
GENTLEMEN ARCHERS,
SUBSCRIBERS
TO HIS PUBLICATION,
THIS POEM UPON ARCHERY,
IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED,
BY
THEIR OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MEMORIAL

AND THE

MEMORIAL ARCHITECT

MEMORIAL

MEMORIAL



MEMORIAL ARCHITECT

MEMORIAL

MEMORIAL

BY

MEMORIAL ARCHITECT

MEMORIAL

SONG UPON ARCHERY:

SUNG BY MR. TRAVIS.

Tune, Rule Britannia.

OUR Sires far-fam'd for Archery,
In their long-bows took great delight;
None like the English Yeomanry,
Could split the wand, or pierce the white.

While freely ranging beneath the green wood tree,
They took delight in Archery.

Our quivers boast a full supply,
Choice shafts as ever bow-men drew;
Our strings make music as they fly,
And vibrate to the twanging yew.

While freely ranging, &c.
We take delight, &c.

Sometimes our Archery to grace,
Bright Nymphs of Dian's train attend;
And, like Diana in the chase,
Or Amazons their long-bows bend.

Like us, free ranging, &c.
They take delight, &c.

Our

Our hearts beat high, each limb moves free,
 Whene'er we for a prize contest :
 No sport can equal Archery,
 To brace the nerves, expand the chest.
 While freely ranging, &c.
 We take delight, &c.

May lovers of the bow unite,
 In health and strength their bows to bend ;
 Their sport then ended, with delight
 May each enjoy his glass and friend :

Or, join with us, in chorus full and free,
 To celebrate our Archery.

A SONG, for the LANCASHIRE BOW-MEN.

Sung by Mr. TRAVIS.

Tune, The Sons of Anacreon.

WHEN the Lancashire Bow-men for Archery fam'd,
 United together, gay, social, and free ;
 Then far-shooting Phoebus their Patron they nam'd,
 And begg'd to their art he propitious would be :
 My Sons, he reply'd, over head while I ride,
 I'll favour your sport, and direct you beside,
 How you to the mark ev'ry arrow may wing,
 And my harp shall resound to the twang of each string.
 Shun Comus, whose cup would your souls sensualize,
 Nor quaff to gay Bacchus too mighty a potion ;
 If Venus is urgent—be loving, but wise ;
 Let right reason regulate here, your devotion :
 But range the green-wood, with Archers so good,
 Draw well the stiff bow, this will brisken your blood ;
 Diana invoke, that when twang goes the string,
 Right on to the mark, you each arrow may wing.

Court

Court early, sweet Echo, the wood Nymphs among,
 There Hebe will hand you a balmy potation ;
 The draft will preserve you both vigorous and young,
 Gay health still attendant on your recreation :
 Then firm take your stand, keep steady each hand,
 Your aim well directed, your length at command ;
 Draw well the long-bow, and when twang goes the string,
 Right into the Target each arrow you'll wing.

A SONG, for the TEUCEREAN ARCHERS,

OF STOCKPORT.

Tune, Colonel Legh's Hunting Song.

HOW happy are Archers, who draw the long bow,
 No pastime affords such diversion below ;
 The hours of our sport seem to pass on by stealth,
 In manly exertion conducive to health :
 Like Sherwood free rangers our skill we display,
 With harmony closing the sport of the day.

Whenever bold Robin his bugle horn blew,
 Their bows they unstring, and relax'd the stiff yew ;
 Then sung the achievements of Archers so good,
 While hey down a down echo'd thro' the green wood :
 Like them, e'er the dew fall, our bows we unstring,
 And songs to the honour of Archery sing.

No sports of the field can with Archery vie,
 Let Hunter's dash after the hounds in full cry ;
 Our Archery, well every muscle can brace,
 And we run no risks like the sons of the chase :
 While at this diversion our skill we display,
 With harmony closing the sport of the day.

What toils on the Heath, all bespatter'd and wet,
 A Sportsman must take, if some grouse he would get;
 In cold, hail, and rain, he the weather must stand,
 While we have refreshment, and shelter at hand;
 Where, if the sky low'rs, we partake of good chear,
 And again bend our bows if the weather is clear.

With dog and with gun, who would now range the fields,
 Laborious the toil, and small purchase it yields;
 But Archers, whene'er to the ground they resort,
 Defy any Poachers for spoiling their sport:
 While at their diversion their skill they display,
 With harmony closing the sport of the day.

Then, here's to all Archers—Long may they survive,
 And still at their art for the mastery strive:
 When aged, no more their long bows they can bend,
 With health, independence, a bottle and friend;
 Respected by Archers, free, social, and gay,
 May they talk of the matches they shot in their day.



N. B. For Sir Piers of Legh, in page 35, of Archery, read Sir Perkin Legh, and in pages 60 and 62, read Aylesford for Ayrelsford and Arylesford.

In page 22, line 1, of the Georgics, for deyth read depth; and in page 49, for platonian read plutonian; and in page 53, line 12, for mean read means.

ARCHERY;

A POEM.

THE praise of Archery, O Muse, we sing;
Say, searching backward, up to eldest time,
Its origin—What nations drew the bow,
Polite or savage, till the art attain'd
Its ultimate perfection; in the skill
Of English yeomanry; when their long bows
They bent, with arrows to the pile up-drawn,
And pierc'd the temper'd mail of knights at arms,
The flow'r of Gallic chivalry—Nor less,
For exercise reviv'd, the antient art

A

We

We celebrate, to ev'ry other sport
 Superior, where united strength and skill
 Give grace to action, and new string the nerves.
 Far-shooting Phœbus, patron of the art,
 And chaste Diana, practis'd Archery;
 Twins of Latona, both in Delos born,
 These, to perfection brought what ruder times
 Had first found out, and were by fabling Greeks
 Worshipp'd as deities—hence Tubal Cain,
 Who first in metals wrought, was Vulcan nam'd.
 His brother Jubal, from a vocal shell,
 When solar heat had shrunk the sinews up,
 That to its wat'ry tenant motion gave,
 First found out music—skilled to fabricate
 The harp and organ. * Lamech was their fire;
 He, first on record mention'd, with two wives,
 Invented Archery—for on a time
 He rang'd the woods, and ripe autumnal fruits,

For

* This Lamech was of Cain's posterity, not Lamech
 the father of Noah, who was of Seth's posterity.

For winter store collected, almonds, dates,
 Cracknells, on which the nimble squirrel feeds
 Delicious, or the kinds which stow their seeds
 In luscious pulp, of texture firm, and keep
 Till the returning spring, which meliorates
 Their racy juice by age; of these he cull'd
 The choicest, weighing down the full-charg'd boughs,
 With herdman's rustic crook, by nature form'd
 In hazle copses, where the knobbed stocks
 Just peeping through a moss-grown bank, put up
 Twin offsets—Thus employ'd, he mark'd the spring
 Elastic, whence the boughs he bent regain'd
 Their first position, with an equal force
 Exerted, and of season'd staves, at home
 Reserv'd, to fence his fold, or wattled cott,
 Chose one, of length near equal to his height,
 Two handfuls, in the middle, straight, but thence
 Bow'd backward, either end, by force of heat
 He forward brought, and shap'd it to a bow,
 With such rude edge-tools, as the new found art

Of Tubal Cain supply'd ; then form'd the string
 With many lays of twine, for housewives use
 Of flax prepar'd, when periodic rains
 Rotting the brittle stalk, had disengag'd
 The linty filaments, by wintry winds
 Scatter'd abroad, or tangled in the brakes ;
 The bow then grasp'd, he drew, and loos'd the string,
 Which twanging, in vibration, sharp and shrill,
 Made music ; frequent to his ear apply'd,
 While shorter tremors, vanish'd on the sense,
 In dying accents, as when gentle gales
 Brushing th' Æolian harp, but kiss the strings,
 And wake such airs, as mutual love sighs forth
 In extacy of bliss, while inmost sense
 Is all enraptur'd ; so the Patriarch stood,
 Wond'ring what pow'r, residing there, so charm'd
 The faculty of hearing—when a thought
 Struck him, that haply this elastic force
 Exerted by a bow, might be of use
 Missiles to lance, as when the porcupine

Its spiny quills discharges, if provok'd.
 Musing on this, choice clefts of smooth grain'd asp
 He notch'd, and, having rounded into shafts,
 Tip'd them, with piles of brass, the secret known
 In early times to temper it, * but lost,
 What time the iron age was introduc'd,
 And made men rigid as the steel they forg'd.

His arrows to compleat, below the notch,
 Feathers, from wings of the domestic fowl,
 He fix'd, with gum exuding from the pine,
 When sap, of Terebinthine taste and scent,
 Perspiring sweats, and candies in the sun
 To chrysal drops, reflecting back his beams
 Like mirrors—In a quiver, form'd of bark,

Slung

* It is observable, from many passages in Homer, as likewise from the description of Goliath's armour, from the battle axes of the Celts, and the copper arms of the Mexicans, which metal was in more estimation with them than gold, that the antients had some method of tempering brass, which is now entirely lost.

Slung by a wreathen with, he stow'd his shafts;
 With bow, bent ready, when he rang'd the field,
 He practis'd archery, and in the art
 Grown dextrous, he, on savage beasts of prey
 Barb'd arrows loos'd : with these, if not transfix'd,
 And kill'd outright, yet deep sunk in their reins
 The barb adher'd, and rankled in the wound;
 Howe'er they writh'd, and short snapp'd off the shaft :
 Howling, they rang'd the wood, or to their dens
 Retreated, there to growl, with hunger pinch'd,
 Or gnaw the bones again, their fullness left,
 Relics of former ravage, till the fore
 Mortify'd, or that grimness, famish'd quite,
 Roar'd out in agonies its brutal life.

Thus thinn'd the beasts rapacious, flocks and herds
 Increas'd the more, by man, from noxious kinds
 Defended, while the other quadrupedes,
 Wild, tho' innoxious, greatly multiply'd;
 On these, in turn, his arrows frequent loos'd,
 He brought home venison, the tasty flesh

Made

Made fav'ry meat, from the more pungent salts,
 And blood undrain'd; for Lamech in descent
 From Cain, the fifth, was of the stock prophane,
 Who slighted Enoch's precepts, nor from blood
 Of slaughter'd beasts refrain'd, and hence their souls
 Grew brutaliz'd, their hands with homicide
 Frequent distain'd—This, urg'd by conscious guilt,
 Lamech himself confess'd, yet whom he slew,
 The sacred record but obliquely hints;
 Perhaps a youth, attendant upon Cain,
 Still wand'ring fugitive, or Cain himself.
 Unknown at first, on whom the arrow glanc'd,
 Till, by the mark imprinted on his brow,
 He recognis'd him, first of woman born,
 And ru'd the deed, when he observ'd the threat,
 That seven-fold vengeance should pursue the man,
 By whom Cain fell—But, having taught the art,
 To his descendants, all in archery

Grown

Grown dextrous as their fire, it made him boast
 To his two wives, that vengeance for his blood *
 Should be exacted, seven and seventy times,
 If any shed it, nought availing then,
 Life to preserve, but fear of losing life;
 And Talion laws, at the avenger's hand,
 Requiring blood for blood, which fill'd the earth
 With violence, nor could the race of Seth
 Be safe unarm'd, while godless men bare rule,
 And sensual, making brutal strength alone
 The arbiter of ev'ry human right.

Hence, from contagion of the many bad,
 All were corrupted, and the female sex

No

* These words of Lamech are in Hebrew verse, and
 are the most antient instance of poetry upon record:
 his words may be literally verified thus:

Give ear my wives, attend to Lamech's strain,
 Yet young, a man I've to my wounding slain:
 If seven-fold vengeance for Cain's blood is due,
 Seventy and seven for Lamech's will ensue.

No more expecting, from the woman's seed,
 The Serpent-Bruiser, fell to dalliance light
 With fons of rapine, who, rever'd as Gods,
 Were given up to wickedness, and rapes
 Grew frequent, which produc'd that Giant brood
 The Nephilim, so call'd, of stature hugh,
 And matchless might. The Rephaim with these,
 Blasphemers of the Highest, who no law
 Acknowledg'd, but self-will — Their arrogance,
 Grown to the height, had brought down fire from
 Heav'n;
 But Mercy, which o'er Justice then prevail'd,
 Oppos'd the wrath, and quench'd it in the Flood.*

B

The

* A particular description of their impiety, atheism, and levelling principles, who lived before the Flood; with the building of the Ark by Noah, and his preaching of righteousness, to that abandoned crew; with many circumstances of the Patriarchal customs and worship, are added in an Appendix; that the Subject of Archery may not be interrupted.

The Arts, which Chance, or Industry, found out,
 And, in those ages prior to the Flood,
 Experience, in a series of long lives
 Had perfected, were in the Ark preserv'd ;
 These Noah, and his Sons, transmitted down
 To their Posterity, a num'rous race.
 Hence Archery was practis'd, ev'ry where,
 By their descendants, wheresoe'er they spread ;
 What time, they lost the universal tongue,
 And in their arrogance, the Heav'ns to scale,
 Babbl'd, in dialects, not understood
 By one another, till they were in hordes
 Collected — Some, near that opprobrious Tow'r,
 Spread o'er the East, retaining antient arts,
 And first traditions ; part in Egypt dwelt ;
 Some fix'd in Palestine, constructing ships ;
 These the primæval Nauts, from Noah nam'd,
 Long e'er the Argonauts, for Colchos loos'd,
 And, from Iberia, fetch'd the fabled fleece,
 Phœnician merchants, in their trading ships,

Had

Had Eastward fail'd, to Ormus and to Ind',
 Or Westward, to the Cassiterides,*
 Where Cornwall, rich in Tin, with horned front,
 The foaming billows yet incessant bays.

Others kept moving on, still emigrant,
 Till seas, or sandy desarts, or the course
 Of mighty rivers, had their progress check'd;
 Then stationary, in process of time
 They sunk to barbarism, and retain'd
 No intercourse with others of mankind;
 Save, what Phœnician colonies, or ships
 From Tyre and Sidon, open'd by the sea;
 Or caravans, across the desarts waste.

B 2

Yet,

* The Cassiterides were the Islands of Scilly, according to Wells's Geography, where the Phœnicians had Settlements for the purpose of collecting the Tin from Cornwall, of which they had the sole monopoly formerly; and so jealous were they of its being taken from them, that a Phœnician Captain ran his ship upon the rocks, to mislead a Roman vessel which was following his track to those islands upon that traffic.

Yet, Archery, when other arts were lost,
 These practis'd — Bows and arrows, jav'lins, darts,
 Weapons of antient times, are still retain'd
 Among the savage Indians, and became
 So universal, that no new-found land,
 By navigators yet has been explor'd,
 Wherein the natives have not us'd these arms;
 These, and their canoes, from Noah nam'd,
 In mem'ry of the Ark, and gen'ral flood,
 Witnefs, however scatter'd now, Mankind
 Spring from him, as their stock, from him, retain
 Arts nautical,* and Archery alike.

Those

* There is a wonderful agreement in most languages of words manifestly from the same root, this name of Noah, all meaning ships, or sailing; thus in Hebrew ships are Niot or Oniot; Sailors in Greek Nautai. No, signifies to swim, and Navi; Navis is a ship; all in Latin; Navir, a ship in French. We have Navy and Navigation in English, and Canoe is an universal word for Indian boats, not only in the islands, but also on the Continent

of

Those Nations, in the East yet resident,
 With other arts, retain'd these ancient arms.
 Whether they spread, o'er Shinar's fertile plains,
 Or to the Father of the Faithful gave,
 Who cross'd Euphrates, sojourning at times
 In Egypt, or Canaan, till the land
 Quitting, to Lot, his Brother's Son, he pitch'd
 In Mamre, skirting on the Wilderness;
 Where outcast Ishmael, a hardy youth,
 Subsisted by his Archery alone;
 Esau, the son of Isaac, rang'd the field
 For venison, by archery procur'd,
 To make his aged father fav'ry meat :
 And Jacob won, from the Canaanite,
 That portion, which to Joseph he demis'd,

Not

of America, which may appear from a specimen given
 of the translation of the Bible for the use of Indians,
 about Massachusetts, where a passage occurs—Howl ye
 Ships of Tarshish. These ships are in the version called
 Cannoas.

Not only with his sword, but with his bow;
 Joseph was by the Archers sorely gall'd,
 But in return his bow retain'd its strength:
 The sinews of his arm, renew'd in force,
 Repell'd his adversaries, through the might
 Of the Almighty; who rejecting Saul,
 In vain by curious and forbidden arts
 He counsel sought—The bow of Jonathan,
 Those arrows which had ever been before
 Drench'd with the blood of foes in battle slain—
 The sword of Saul, with fat of mighty men
 Sate so often, neither aught avail'd
 Against Philistine archers—Sorely gall'd,
 They fell together. Lamentation loud,
 In Gibeon, of the Benjamites, was heard;
 And Isr'el's daughters, gorgeously array'd,
 With scarlet, and the spoils of enemies,
 Taken by Saul, forgot their timbrel'd songs;

In

In mournful Mahala,* to David's harp
 They sigh'd responsive: as the captive Jews,
 Upon the willow-trees, beside the stream,
 Hung up their useless Harps, and wept—So wept
 The Virgins, wond'ring at the permanence
 Of friendship† most, in the pathetic strain.

More

* This was a mode of Hebrew musick, of a slow, solemn, and very affecting measure, applied to any public calamity, much like our Dirges, or the Cathedral Service at funerals. Indeed the name is an interjection like Oh! hoh! or alas!

† The friendship of David and Jonathan is perhaps without parallel in history, considering Jonathan as Saul's immediate successor: most of the 20th chapter 1st. of Samuel is a proof of this: the method agreed upon to sound Saul's intentions; the signal given, by shooting arrows, unknown to the boy who drew them; the final parting interview between the two friends, who wept, till David exceeded, are all such instances of pathetic description, that it would be a vain attempt, to verify the prose account, as it would, in that case lose much of the narrative style, and original simplicity; characters inseparable from the true pathos.

More than the love of women, magnify'd;
 And so much pow'r had Musick, such the force
 Of David's execration, that no rain
 Fell, on the places where the slain lay stretch'd,
 Nor kindly dew descended, bare and fear
 They seem'd, as by the livid lightning scorch'd;
 To mark that fatal mountain, where the shields
 Of mighty men were vilely cast away;
 The shields of Saul, and Jonathan his son,
 As if they, by the consecrating Priest,
 Had ne'er anointed been, with holy oil.

After his lamentation, David reign'd
 O'er Judah, mindful, by superior skill
 In archery, the Philistines prevail'd;
 Which Israel had neglected long, he charg'd
 The men of Judah to revive its use,
 By practice, under masters of the bow;
 These from the Cherethites and Pelethites
 Were chosen, who to David still adher'd;
 When he from Gath withdrew, choice archers all,

And

And men of trust, these for his guards retained,
 Follow'd him faithfully, and took in charge
 His household, when from Absalom he fled,
 And seated Solomon, at his command,
 Upon the Throne; which, while he was alive,
 Presumptuous Adonjah had usurp'd.

Hence Captains of the Host grew so expert,
 That Jehu, afterwards, in full career,
 Borne in his Chariot, us'd no other arms,
 When he pursued devoted Ahab's son;
 With his full strength, a bow the Chieftain drew,
 The arrow, wing'd with vengeance, long foretold,
 Dispatched his Rival, and secur'd the Throne
 To him, and to his Sons, for four descents.

Coeval with this age, among the Greeks,
 Their heroes drew the bow, when other arms
 Invented, they were cas'd in fulgent mail
 Of brass, or temper'd steel, and hurl'd their spears
 Alternate, on the ranges of grim war,
 Urging their rapid chariots, while the scourge

More than the love of women,* magnify'd;
 And so much pow'r had Mafiek, such the force
 Of David's execration, that no rain
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 Nor kindly dew descended, bare and fear
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 Urging their rapid chariots, while the scourge

Crack'd o'er the snorting steeds—protected them
 By the broad seven-fold shield; what heroes fell,
 When little Teucer's arrows, wing'd with death,
 Were on the Trojans loos'd. Stern Ajax low'r'd,
 Retreating only, when that bow was snapp'd,
 That by its twang impetuous Hector aw'd;
 Vain was the massy club of Hercules
 To rescue Dejanira, but his shaft
 The Ravisher transfix'd.—Ulysses bore
 Repeated insolencies, till he grasp'd
 That trusty bow, which he alone could bend;
 This, well survey'd, and clear thro' all the rings
 An arrow shot, the Suitors were amaz'd,
 Known by its twang the master of the bow;
 When, from the quiver, in their sight he pour'd
 The feather'd deaths, a formidable store;
 Vain their attempt to fly, in heaps they lay,
 Slaughter'd, amidst the waste their riot made;
 Nor other arms he wanted, till the stock
 Of arrows fail'd him, sure as loos'd to kill.

Pandarus,

Pandarus, likewise, with his horned bow
 Of curious workmanship, in archery
 Was counted famous, when he stood for Troy;
 To an half circle he had drawn his bow,
 And wing'd an arrow—fatal breach of Truce,
 So just the aim he took at Atreus' son,
 That had not Pallas timely interpos'd
 Her Ægis, upon which the missile glanc'd,
 No temper'd mail, the buckle of his belt,
 Nor the charm'd plate he wore, such was his trust
 In Talismanic spells, had sav'd his life.
 Nor these, its eager thirst, to drink his blood,
 Resisted, down his thighs the crimson streams
 Trickled, in semblance, when the wound was dress'd,
 Like plates of ivory, with purple veins,
 Stain'd by a curious artist, to adorn
 Some Princes cabinet with rich finer;
 Or decorate the costly tokens sent
 From a young lover, to his wish'd for spouse.
 Paris, like him in archery expert,

Achilles flew; all over, but the heel
 Invulnerable, when immers'd in Styx,
 With care maternal, but that heel alone
 By Thetis grasp'd, was in the Stygian flood
 Left unaneal'd, thereon to fix a wound,
 The well aim'd arrow found his mortal part,
 When Paris flew him in the Scean port :
 And Troy, had this small solace in her woes,
 To see his fall, who generous Hector dragg'd
 With brutal rage, along her battlements,
 Who, living, long had curb'd the pow'rs of Greece,
 United, in a tedious ten years siege.

Æneas having on the Tyrian coast
 Escap'd a tempest, e'er he knew the fate
 Of his companions, with his arrows kill'd
 Seven bucks, full antler'd, masters of the herd;
 Whereon his sea-drench'd ship-mates were regal'd.
 And young Ascanius, e'er upon his chin
 The down had budded, shot the fav'rite deer,
 That by the daughters of the Latian hind

Was

Was cherish'd, and gave rise unto the feud
 Stirr'd up by discord, when she hurl'd her torch
 Between the rustics, natives of the land,
 And Trojan inmates.—Nor less sure his aim,
 Against the bold attempt, to escalate
 That temporary fortress, to his charge
 Entrusted, while Æneas fought allies
 Against the power of Turnus.—Then the youth
 An arrow shot, in answer to the speech
 Of that proud boaster, who the Trojans charg'd
 With ignominy, tho', in friendship leagu'd,
 Latinus had received them to his roof;
 But soon the stripling's well-aim'd arrow check'd
 His farther threats—Such early hardyhood
 Made the young archer blush, to do a deed
 Little expected from his tender age;
 Which tacitly reproached the elder Chiefs,
 That tamely heard the scorner's insolence,
 And bore it, till the youth took just revenge.

Trojan

Trojan and Grecian Chiefs, were match'd alike,
 Contending for the prize in Archery,
 When games were held in honour of the dead;
 Whether Patroclus, on the lofty Pyre,
 Was with accusom'd rites to flames consign'd;
 Or when Æneas, summon'd his compeers,
 At the returning season of the year,
 His father's obsequies to celebrate:
 Then, as the custom was, high from a mast
 A dove hung fluttering to their shots expos'd,
 If one, the string, by which she was attach'd,
 Sever'd, another's arrow ready notched,
 Her flight arrested, tow'ring to the sky,
 The harmless soul breath'd out in liquid air;
 Lifeless, she with the arrow fell transfix'd.

Of other nations, famous for the bow,
 The Scythian Hordes, in Archery expert,
 Were at a mark so certain of their aim,
 That Royal Cyaxyes to their care
 His son entrusted, only then a youth,

By them to be instructed in the art;
 Of such importance to his kingdom's weal
 The father deem'd it, nor its practice thought
 Unworthy him, tho' afterwards a King,
 And ancestor to Cyrus, who transferr'd
 The Babylonian empire to the Medes,
 And push'd his conquests, till he knew no bounds
 Of his dominion—Yet he from a child
 Was to the bow enur'd : such hardyhood
 The Medes exacted, from their well-train'd youth,
 Discipline, which, to none was e'er relax'd ;
 Nor were the Princes of the Royal blood
 Exempt, till they had mastery of the bow,
 And mettled steeds, and the unruly tongue
 Could bridle, till it only spoke the truth.

The Æthiopian archers to their bows
 So trusted, that their King, by sage advice,
 Prevented an invasion of his realm ;
 Cambyfes threaten'd it, and was prepar'd
 That threat to execute—On which the King

Before

Before his messengers, who war denounc'd,
 Bent with amazing energy, a bow,
 Which he unstrung, and bid them bear it thence
 To him who sent them, with this answer terse,
 Whene'er, like him he drew it, and the spring
 Could master, then to think of wageing war
 On nations, who content to live in peace,
 Sought not by war their borders to extend ;
 But, if invaded, they had less to fear
 Than others, not inur'd, such bows to bend.

The Nabatheans, from Nebaioth nam'd,
 Ishmael's first-born, with their kindred tribes,
 That trac'd from him their pedigrees, and rang'd
 Arabian wilds, were dextrous archers all ;
 Wild-men, like their progenitor, who ran
 Swift-footed in the wilderness, their hands
 Like his, to all oppos'd, and ev'ry man
 Hostile to them—yet none could e'er their hords
 Exterminate.—Cambysses, this essay'd,
 But, parch'd with thirst, and by their arrows gall'd,

That

That conqueror of all the eastern world,
 Was in their shifting sands entomb'd alive,
 With all his num'rous host.—The Memphian King
 So with his chariots, and his horse was whelm'd
 At once, beneath the reedy Red-sea waves.

Since that attempt they no invaders fear'd,
 Exact'ing tribute from the Caravans,
 Which frequent o'er their dreary desarts past,
 By some, as guards, convoy'd from horde to horde,
 Nor so secure, if independent tribes
 Hover'd in front, or rear, and bent their bows ;
 Free-booters all, and ever on the scout
 For plunder, or with costly presents brib'd,
 To let the merchants, unmolested, pass.

Of these wild Arabs, none infested more
 The Roman province, in Judea form'd,
 Than those, who in Iliria rang'd at will,
 And Traconitis—none in archery
 Could match them. Philip, with their inroads vex'd,
 Herodias to his brother Herod sent,

Before his messengers, who war denounc'd,
 Bent with amazing energy, a bow,
 Which he unstrung, and bid them bear it thence
 To him who sent them, with this answer terse,
 Whene'er, like him he drew it, and the spring
 Could master, then to think of wageing war
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Soliciting his aid; but, with the pomp
 And luxury of Herod's court, seduc'd,
 She gave the reins to her incestuous love,
 And lust of pow'r; nor only broke her vows
 To Philip, but her daughter too seduc'd;
 Who, to indulge her spite, gave up the claim
 Of half a kingdom, pledg'd by Herod's vow,
 Because so well she on his birth day danc'd.

The Parthian Archers, light-arm'd partizans,
 On horseback fought, accustom'd to advance
 With confidence, till nearly at close fight,
 Upon the Roman Legions, sorely gall'd
 With flights of arrows from their twanging strings;
 But, e'er the foremost soldiers cast their piles
 On the retreat, they pierc'd with arrows keen,
 Those, who to charge them, hastily advanc'd,
 And broke their order, eager to pursue
 The seeming fugitives; who, on their steeds
 In full career, retreating, loos'd alike
 Their arrows backwards, or advanc'd in course,

A fierce

A fierce attack commencing—So Huzzars,
 Austrian and Prussian, or the Mountaineers,
 Pandours and Croats, with the light Hulan's
 Manoeuvre, previous to a grand attack,
 And harrafs outposts, or pernicious hang
 Upon the rear of armies on the rout.

Nations, that drew the bow, thus often fought
 As mercenaries, and were fit to serve
 On scouting parties. Here the Cretan bands
 Were in request; their rattling quivers stor'd
 Gortynian arrows, which, however fam'd
 For execution, nought avail'd, to break
 The Macedonian Phallanx, or oppose
 Legions, for battle marshall'd in the field,
 Or station'd in a camp, when Rome sent forth
 Her eagle ensigns to subdue the world.

But English yeomanry retain'd the art,
 And push'd it to perfection; train'd to fight
 Like steady infantry, they pitch'd in front
 Sharp stakes against the horse, as they advanc'd;

Who, rushing to a charge, on these were gor'd ;
 While they in front and flank, alike were gall'd
 By flights of arrows from the twanging strings ;
 And many Chieftains fell, whose vital blood
 Welling in copious streams from mortal wounds,
 Crimson'd the feathers of the grey-goose wings.

Tradition may have magnify'd the deeds
 Of that fain'd outlaw, and his bowmen bold,
 Who Sherwood Forest rang'd, and split far off
 The willow wand, or shot the fallow deer,
 At distances, now deem'd incredible
 To us of modern times ; by luxury
 Debilitated, and with ease unnerv'd :
 So that we cannot justly comprehend
 What skill by frequent practice is attain'd ;
 Nor to what pow'r, the system, muscular,
 May be advanc'd, while straining strength augments.

Men's manners then were simple, but their nerves
 Grew tough with exercise in forests wide,
 Woodland, or open lawns, then free to range.

A sense

A sense of honour, spur'd to noble deeds
 The ancient Barons, which the gentry caught
 From their example, nor their incomes sunk
 In dissipation; they, from foreign climes,
 Luxurious living, and the games of chance
 Pregnant with ruin, had not introduc'd.
 The yeomanry, like Patriarchs of old,
 Liv'd on their means, and would have blush'd for
 shame,

To sink by dissipation, what they held
 By a Lord's special bounty, or descent
 Paternal, from a race of frugal sires.
 The common people to incessant toil,
 Or sedentary trades, were not confin'd;
 Much less, as now, compell'd from sun to sun
 To pass the day, and in long wintry nights,
 With lighted taper, to complete the task
 Extorted, both from real and fancy'd wants;
 So rapid is the rise of rents, so high
 The charge of house-keeping, and all the while

Monopoly

Monopoly, her harpy claws extends,
 Enclosing, in their grasp, the means of life,
 With more exorbitance to raise the price ;
 Till the demand grows more extravagant,
 Which, even in mechanics, gives a gust
 To ev'ry luxury within their range.
 Impoverish'd, by this course, the middle class,
 Which constitutes the strength of ev'ry state,
 Wears out, o'erburthen'd, with the double weight
 Of both the rich and poor, nor can these find
 Such helps as ancient house-keeping held forth ;
 When, at the monast'ries, all were regal'd ;
 Or found provision, at the mansion house,
 English roast beef, and good brown household bread,
 Not made from flour of many mixtur'd wheat ;
 Which, coasted round from port to port, at last
 Grows musty, and too frequently is robb'd
 By vermin of its mealy nutriment.

Then merry at the hall, by tenants throng'd,
 The neighbours were regal'd with Christmas cheer ;

While

While the full jack was drain'd, and jokes went round,
 Till hospitality relax'd her state,
 Yet kept her elbow chair, and shook her sides
 To see their gambolls—Tenants, then unrack'd,
 Like children, by their Lords, who own'd the land,
 Were cherish'd.—They, as fires, their Lords rever'd,
 And, led by them to battle, never flinch'd;
 But, when their sheaves of arrows all were spent,
 Fought manfully with their brown bills and swords.
 At Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt
 Victorious, with a few, o'er num'rous hosts.

Fame yet records their deeds of high renown,
 Achiev'd in fertile France.—At Cressy field,
 Four thousand English archers were oppos'd
 To fifteen thousand of the Genoese
 Cross-bow-men, all, who in the fight discharg'd
 Barb'd arrows—but their strings, to rain expos'd,
 Wing'd them too short. That circumstance, with care,
 The English fenc'd against—Their bows and strings,
 In shaggy duffil cas'd of coarsest wool,

And

And felted well, till it was weather proof;
 With good reserve of strings for ready use,
 Whip'd for the notch, and in their quivers stor'd,
 Of well-jack'd leather, these they flung revers'd
 In rainy weather; hence the piles above,
 The sheaf below, in notch and feather dry
 Ne'er fail'd them, on those mercenaries loos'd,
 Who in the contest found the Arquebus*
 Unequal match for archers.—On the rout
 They fled, by men at arms, prepar'd to charge,

Cut

* This was the ancient name of those cross-bows from which arrows were discharged, and termed bolts; accordingly the old English proverb says, A fool's bolt is soon shot.

It was with one of these arrows from a cross-bow, that William Tell was constrained to shoot at an apple on his son's head, which he performed without hurting the child; and, having another arrow in reserve, was asked by the tyrannical Governor, what he intended to do with it? he boldly replied, it was to kill him, if he had done any damage to the child; and then, for fear of being seized, he fled and secreted himself in the mountains, till he afterwards effected the Revolution in Switzerland.

Cut down, without remorse, as those advanc'd,
 To fall upon the English, where their shot
 An opening should have made, yet found their plan
 Revers'd, with such retreat, by victor troops
 Impetuous urg'd.—But Alençon came on
 Hewing his way; the Prince, with sable arms,
 He met in rude encounter—neither flinch'd;
 Edward, by brave Lord Audley and his Peers,
 Well seconded, nor valiant Alençon
 Found less support, of Gallick Knights, who fought
 Until the Prince, with his heroic few,
 Claim'd Rescue, from his Sire, who near at hand,
 Kept back his pow'r, to give the new-dubb'd Knight,
 His valiant son, the honour of that day.
 Nor long the scale of battle in suspense
 Hung doubtful—ev'ry opposite o'erborne
 To the French King, who still maintain'd the fight,
 The black Prince charg'd—Bohemia, on whose crest
 Three Ostrich feathers nodded, fought, tho' blind,
 Manfully, brandishing a battle axe;

To second the French monarch, while his son,
 But yet a youth, and wounded, from his side
 Ne'er shrunk—yet all their efforts were in vain.
 Bohemia fell, whose plume the victor Prince
 Seiz'd as his prize, thenceforward, made the crest
 Of heirs apparent to the English crown.
 The King of France, was, with his gallant son,
 Led captive to the victor Prince's tent;
 He, great in condescension as in arms,
 Treated the Royal Prisoners with respect,
 Waiting, while they partook of a repast;
 That all might learn, from such a princely deed,
 Humility, can greatness well become;
 And, more exalts it, as from higher rank
 It sinks, to soothe the brave in their distress.

His liberality to those who shar'd
 With him the perils of that day, appears
 No less conspicuous—Such an ample boon
 He gave Lord Audley, that he was ashamed
 To take it, but he parcell'd out the land

Among

Among his valiant seconds, who had stood
 Fast by his side upon the first hot charge,
 And through the fight, while, to perform his vow,
 He deeds, almost past human, had atchiev'd.
 Inform'd of ev'ry circumstance, the Prince
 In generosity, alike, as arms,
 And humble haviour, not to be out-done,
 Doubled the land which he had so bestow'd ;
 And dubb'd Sir Piers of Legh,* a Banneret ;
 Under his standard, knighted, on the field ;
 Who, thenceforth, bore the banner in his arms ;
 Lord of Lyme Hanley—Manors yet possess'd
 By his descendants, which, in feudal times
 Were held, as royalties, with cognizance
 Of crimes committed, and with pow'r to hold

E 2

Offenders,

* There is a curious pair of gilt spurs once worn by
 this Banneret exhibited at Lyme, the family seat of his
 descendants. The rowels of these spurs are remarkably
 strong and large, the workmanship ingenious, and the
 gilding in high preservation.

Offenders, in safe durance at the tow'r,†
 Which yet is seen conspicuous on the heights,
 By those, who leaving Lancashire, resort
 For pleasure, or for health, to Derby hills;
 To view the famous wonders of the Peak;
 Or lave their limbs in Buxton's tepid Bath;
 And, rising early, breathe the purer air,
 From Limestone strata, with salubrious steams
 Replenish'd, while the Naiads of the spring
 As chrystal clear, present a morning's draught,
 Warm as new milk, high foaming in the pail,
 From udders of the lowing kine fresh drawn.

At Poictiers, the French, without a blow,
 For Cressy's slaughter, might have been reveng'd;
 When Englishmen were hemm'd in a defile,
 By force superior; which on ev'ry side
 Cut off supplies, no other post they found

So

* This Tower is called by the country people Lyme
 Cage, and they have preserved the tradition of its
 former use.

So tenable, no prospect of retreat
 With mighty armies hanging on their rear :
 They must have famish'd, or laid down their arms.
 But, such presumption of a victory,
 Urg'd on their foes, that they commenc'd the charge,
 With soldiers, from a march but just arriv'd,
 Nor were the chiefs agreed, part would defer
 The battle until morning, some would then
 Begin the charge—In this disordered state
 The fight commencing, one straight path alone,
 By which the English force could be assail'd
 Was open to them—This, with men at arms,
 Advancing to the charge, was crouded close,
 Each pushing each ; but soon the stoutest found
 Their vaunting quell'd by arrows, many a flight
 Drawn to the piles, for either hedge was lin'd
 With archers, under cover, chosen men,
 Sure of their aim, no shaft in vain was loos'd ;
 Of those, advanc'd so rashly, many fell,
 The rest recoil'd, and such a panic seiz'd

That

That mighty army, when attack'd in turn,
 The English, quickly, no resistance found ;
 So few they lost, so many French they flew,
 A day of execution more it seem'd
 Than well won victory, by archer bands,
 Upon the flow'r of gallic knights atchiev'd.

Again, on Crispin's day, at Agincourt,
 The English Bowmen triumph'd, part in front,
 Led by the King, of Cheshire men the the chief,
 With others muster'd from the Derby hills,
 And bold Lancastrians, famous archers all,
 These, four in depth were rang'd, no married man,
 Nor widow's son were muster'd, for the King
 Had made a solemn vow, no widow's curse
 Should blast his expedition, to chastise
 The Dauphin's insolence, who tennis balls
 Sent, in derision, to his youthful freaks
 Alluding, when he claim'd the crown of France.
 Much he perform'd to justify that claim,
 And many towns reduc'd, with captive foes

Numbers

Numbers unransom'd ; when a sickness seiz'd
 His men, and much the army was reduc'd ;
 Henry, to save the residue, propos'd
 His conquests to relinquish, and release
 The captives — This with haughtiness refus'd,
 Nor other option left him, but to fight,
 Or yield himself a pris'ner, with his men ;
 The King prepar'd for battle ; to a band
 Of Bowmen, all acknowledg'd archers good,
 On the French flank advanc'd, he gave strict charge
 To lie in ambush, with sharp pointed stakes,
 Furnish'd, his front, alike, with these supply'd ;
 Sloping against the Horse, when these were pitch'd,
 His archer Van advanc'd, in confidence
 Up to the Ranges, which, like ferried spears,
 Cover'd their front. His captives all dismiss'd,
 To yield themselves at Calais, if the day
 Favour'd his efforts. Cool for the attack,
 He waited, eighty thousand infantry,
 In armour, with four thousand archers mix'd,

And

And Knights at arms, to cover either wing,
 Form'd the French Van; which stood awhile at gaze,
 In dumb suspense, to see the few, that dar'd
 To face them, though they number'd but a third
 Of what France muster'd—Vainly confident,
 Previous to the attack, a narrow plain
 Skirted with Woods, on either hand, they fill'd,
 Too scanty for their numbers, none had range
 To ward, or strike a stroke, with sure effect.
 Before this disadvantage was perceiv'd,
 Fearing they would to open ground withdraw,
 Henry began the charge. Their trusty bows
 His Archers bent. True, as their hearts were good,
 Their arrows flew, on such a number loos'd,
 All told effectually—From wounds and death
 Those, most advanc'd, essay'd to fly, in vain,
 Wedg'd in with multitudes, while on their flanks,
 The Archers, plac'd in ambush, of the rout
 Made havock; sideway harra's'd, as in front;
 Until, their quivers emptied, down their Bows.

The English threw, advancing to close fight,
 With swords, sharp battle-axes, and their mauls,
 Pond'rous with lead, and furnish'd each with spikes.
 These, to their girdles hook'd, were often found
 Their last resource, when closing, breast to breast,
 The press was great, nor any range was left
 For other weapons — Manfully with these
 They fought, till the French Van, discomfited,
 From the fell contest shrunk, as heaps of ice,
 Which choak a river's channel, are dispers'd
 By sudden floods, from rain, or melted snow,
 Crashing with fragor loud, they float away ;
 Till, down the stream above, impetuous borne,
 Heaps, pil'd on heaps, new opposition make ;
 So Alençon, with his main battle, rush'd
 Upon the English — Up to where the King,
 In person, fought, he charg'd, and on his crest
 A stroke two-handed fetch'd — The polish'd helm
 Had temper, to resist the griding edge ;
 But, with such force, th' assailant urg'd his sword,

It batter'd in the cone ; as when, an arch
 Moulder'd by time, or the attack of foes,
 Shrinking collapfes, from its perfect range,
 Circular, or elliptic — In return
 For this rude greeting, Henry, to the earth
 Fell'd his opponent fierce, who found his vow
 But ill perform'd, to kill, or take the King ;
 And loft his life, as soon as down, difpatch'd.

Then rout took place, the French main battle
 foil'd,

Their rearward fled, nor any effort made
 The conteft to renew. — About their King,
 With flaughter tir'd, the victor Englifh rang'd,
 And gladly would have borne his batter'd helm
 In triumph, but his modefty forbade
 Such gratulation, only with a fhout,
 Content, the victory to celebrate ;
 He gave to all, who with him bravely fought,
 Coat armour, with a badge, for noble deeds
 Atchiev'd, at Agincourt, on Crifpin's day.

Nor

Nor less, at Holmdown, English yeomanry
 Were fam'd for hardyhood. Upon the Scots
 Such flights of well-aim'd arrows they discharg'd,
 That valiant Douglas, with his pow'r advanc'd
 To bear them down, on his well-temper'd arms
 Relying — Eighty followers, resolv'd,
 Charg'd with him, Scottish Peers, and Knights in
 mail;

With their retainers bold, a gallant crew ;
 These soon experienc'd, from the dire event,
 No armour could protect them, 'gainst the piles
 Of arrows, from the English long-bows loos'd :
 And Percy, who the gallant Douglas took,
 (Soon of a captive made his bosom friend),
 No object found, whereon to signalize
 His daring ; deedless, with his men he stood,
 While Archers claim'd the victory, alone.

A greater slaughter yet, at Flodden Field
 Took place, where Scotland's King, in person,
 fought,

And fighting fell — Lancaſtrian Bowmen, there
 Were much diſtinguiſh'd ; Stanley led them on,
 With theſe the Cheſhire men, from Mercy Banks,
 And ſedgy Weever, to the rapid Dee.

Though laſt in fight, when Stanley brought them
 up,

A total rout took place — Drawn to the head
 Their arrow piles, ſuch execution wrought.

For long and cruelly, on either ſide
 The battle rag'd, and, of the combatants,
 Doubtful it ſeem'd, to whom the victory,
 Amidſt the tug of war, ſtood moſt inclin'd ;
 The King of Scots commenc'd the firſt hot charge ;
 Sir Edward Howard gallantly receiv'd
 His onſet, which by Lennox, and Argyle
 Well ſeconded, had nearly to a rout
 Borne down the Engliſh van ; but, juſt in time
 By brave Lord Dacres, this was well ſuſtain'd ;
 The equipoiſe of battle thus reſtor'd,
 A dreadful conflict follow'd, where in front

The

The Earls of Crauford, and Montrose, assail'd
 Lord Thomas Howard, who against their might
 Made good resistance, 'till he saw his Sire
 Endanger'd, and to his assistance flew,
 With timely rescue ; for the Scottish King
 Charg'd to the centre, where brave Surrey fought,
 With England's Standard, over head, display'd ;
 This, nearly to his great Antagonist
 Had been a prize — but Surrey's gallant Son
 Came up, and brave Lord Dacres with his Horse,
 Which turn'd the fortune of that doubtful day.
 For now, the flow'r of Scotland, with their King,
 Earls, Lords, and Barons bold, with men at arms,
 ,Till then assailants, put on self defence,
 With no resource at hand, nor rescue left,
 Gather'd into a ring, and fiercely fought ;
 Not then for victory — both Life itself,
 And Honor, were at stake — To scape with both,
 They all deserv'd ; but Stanley's archer bands,
 Who could not come to action for the press,

Climb'd

Climb'd a steep hill, which opened to their view
 The Battle, raging still, where Scotland's King
 Fought on, unquell'd, with his remaining pow'rs.
 Then, down they slope they rush'd, and bent their
 bows ;

Twang went the strings, and with death-dealing piles
 Their arrows flew — Tormented was the air
 With groans of dying heroes ; heaps of slain
 Lay stretch'd, where'er their flights of arrows rang'd ;
 'Till, all resistance o'er, the slaughter ceas'd ;
 When Stanley's Archer Bands, with bows unstrung,
 Their Chief surrounding, claim'd, with victor shouts,
 The honour of that day — and had their claim
 Duly acknowledg'd ; for the reigning King,
 Henry the Eighth, by name, eulogiums sent
 In Letters, writt'n by his royal hand.*
 He Lancashire, and Cheshire Bowmen prais'd,

And

* This original letter of King Henry the VIIIth.
 according to report, is yet preserved in the family of
 Lord Mollineux.

And Stanley, for his special service, thank'd,
Which all resistance quell'd, at Flodden Field.

But Archery was suffer'd to decline,
When fatal fire-arms had been introduc'd,
Belching, from metal tubes, sulphureous flame,
And turbid smoak, with hail of cannon shot,
Which in the open field, whole ranks of men
Laid prostrate, or, in sieges, bastions raz'd ;
While Engineers, their parallels advanced,
Batt'ring in breach, prelusive to a storm,
Or brisk attack, upon the outer works :
Where mines lurk underneath, and at the touch
Of glowing match, are in a moment sprung,
And whole Battalions, which a lodgment made,
Rise with the blast, to instant death consign'd.

An evil genius urg'd him on, who first
Fluxing the metal, had the moulds prepar'd,
And those dire engines of destruction cast ;
Or he, who first prepar'd the nitrous heap
For such explosion. To the depths of Hell

Both

Both div'd, and thence the mimic thunder drew,
 By Fiends invented, as in mockery,
 To ape the voice of the Omnipotent :
 What time, Messiah chas'd them out of Heaven ;
 His fervid wheels the Empyrean shook ;
 On that apostate crew, he bent his bow,
 With arrows, from the armory of God,
 For vengeance barb'd, with terrors, conscious guilt,
 Excruciating pangs, despair and woe
 Unutterable — From his face they shrunk,
 When he made bare his holy arm, they fled,
 With wounds, inflicted on their hinder parts,
 Transfix'd, the badge of shame perpetual. Hell
 was stirred up to help them, but in Hell
 They found no shelter, from his rigid shafts.

Yet, fire-arms have been less pernicious found,
 Than arrows, heretofore, and modern War,
 Is less productive of those fatal feuds,
 Kept up, when enemies, with sword and spear
 Fought hand to hand, while rival chiefs engaged,

And

And the survivors, who beheld the fall
 Of their companions, still, with fresh assaults,
 The charge renewing, frequent inroads made,
 Far in the adverse battle, to revenge
 The slain, or rescue those, who fighting still,
 Were overpow'r'd — But modern war assumes
 Another aspect, while thick clouds of smoke,
 Involve the Combatants, and random shots
 Fly harmless, not like arrows aim'd with truth.
 And Archery, in England, late reviv'd,
 Claims estimation, as a civil game;
 Where strength and skill unite, while health results
 From manly exercise, which honest praise
 Holds forth to emulation, and the art
 Is well becoming, ev'n the softer sex,
 Which beauty's bloom improves, and gives new charms
 To ev'ry feature — Dignity and Grace
 With softness, truly feminine, combin'd,
 Heighten their loveliness — So virtue looks,
 Not loose, nor too severe — The Wood-Nymphs thus,

(Diana's train) with bow, and quiver, grac'd,
 Ranging the fields, or bathing in the flood,
 With arrows keen, repress'd the insolence
 Of prying Satyrs, or rude ravishers,
 Who, hot from revels, were to savage beasts
 Transform'd, by Comus — Enemies avow'd
 To chastity, and white-rob'd innocence.

Hail, Archery ! of other ancient arts,
 Most universal — Lovers of the Bow,
 All hail ! your arrows, now, with blood unstain'd,
 Fly harmless, to the Target, deep infix'd :
 Let others, mount the phæton high-hung,
 And Jehu-like, drive furiously, or boast,
 Of feats, in hunting, after hair-breadth 'scapes ;
 Returning homeward, hungry, cold and wet,
 The Foxes nose, perhaps, or miry brush,
 Their mighty purchase — Transient is the view
 When greyhounds stretch swift-footed o'er the lawn,
 And patience is full many a time worn out,
 On a cold scent to quest the timid hare,

Till

Till deep-mouth'd Southern Hounds upon the game
Are opening, cheer'd with hallow and with horn.

Lay me, sweet Eccho, in thy moss-grown cell,
When such a pack are hunting in full cry,

Match'd in their tones, each chiming under each,
From the shril treble to the mellow bass,

As if the soul of harmony, transfus'd
Into their notes, would bring down from above,

And realize to my enraptur'd sense,

The music of the Spheres — Thee vocal Nymph,
Responsive to the melody — Mean-while,

In thy sequester'd haunts, to solitude

The Muse invites me, and forbids to run

Those frequent risks attendant on the chase.

Who, now would range the heath, or stubble fields,

With dog and gun, one solitary bird

Their acquisition, for a whole day's toil,

Makes them confess, the law's severity,

Of penal statutes, but preserves the game

For poachers, who before the stated time,

By coaches, all to London have transferr'd ;
 Whether, a city-feast to decorate,
 Or gratify the Macarony's taste,
 Or show the Cockney's skill, who would be thought
 A clever shot, and ammunition spends
 On Rooks and Daws, or the domestic fowl,
 If e'er found straggling, from the farmer's yard ;
 But should a solitary Partridge rise,
 The sudden whirr, of its unfolding wings,
 To suburb sportsmen, not familiariz'd,
 Would make him start aside, with fear appall'd ;
 Like planters, with the war-whoop, terrify'd,
 When savage Indians, rush to the attack,
 And screams, discordant, grate upon their ears.

No less than Poachers, guardians of the game,
 By fees, or friendship sway'd, upon their charge
 Make havock — all the plenty, lately seen,
 Vanish'd, before the owner and his friends,
 To range the heath, or fields, can parties make ;
 The Lords, thus disappointed, of their sport,

Neighbours

Neighbours, and Tenants, loudly execrate;
 Vowing, as lives drop in, to raise the fine,
 Or rack the rent, and least of all, suspect
 Those licenc'd spoilers, by the law, empow'r'd
 To prowl, o'er all their manors still, uncheck'd.
 While those, who till the land, and raise the crop,
 That feeds the game, their tyranny must feel,
 And should a farmer, from the mantle-tree,
 Snatch his long gun, by a few shots to scare
 Voracious sparrows, from among his corn,
 With insolence of office, they demand
 The piece, from his grandfather handed down;
 Nor only this, but shoot his fav'rite cur,
 Which, winding at a distance, still had trac'd
 His master's steps, tho' often order'd back;
 Howling he dies, who, faithful, on the watch
 By night, from robbers kept the house secure,
 And still, by milking time, fetch'd up the kine,
 With zeal officious, when at harvest home,
 None could be spar'd, until the sheaves were hous'd.

Who

Who now, for matches on the turf would train
 Fleet courfers, boasting in their pedigrees
 Barbaric, or Arabian fires, and mares
 High-blooded, who of those, would keep a stud,
 And sink a princely income, when his stock
 Under the hammer, scarce a year's expence
 Refunds, of what was lavish'd — Who would match
 Game cocks, and fight them in the noisy pit,
 Where clamour rises, on a turn of betts,
 Loud, as the shouts, Parisian Democrats,
 O'er victims to their rage, vociferate;
 While fiends, cry havock, with responsive roar,
 From lowest depths, of howling Erebus:

More brutal yet the match, where Pugilists
 Meet, in despite of decency, or law,
 And crouds attract, unblushing, to behold
 The human face, on which minds undebauch'd,
 God's image, as in effigy, impress;
 Sapience, and social love, benevolence,
 Rational intellect, and manly sense,

To a grim vizard batter'd, such as Hell
 Exhibits, with distortion foul, to mark
 Those innate vices, which can men degrade
 Below the brutes, to reaf'ning savages.
 Nor courage here, nor the mistaken sense
 Of honour, but the fordid lust of gain,
 Has for this contest, match'd the combatants;
 Frequent, agreeing, e'er, they mount the stage,
 Who first, shall give it up — So on the turf,
 Some knavish riders, win or lose a match,
 As prompted, nor the owner's interest mind,
 If bribes, or betts, run counter to his views.

What aukward postures, mark the modern game,
 Where Peers are proud, to wield a cricket bat,
 Two-handed, or to course, and catch the ball;
 Which, sharply stricken, on the breast may light,
 And there, a dire impostume, form within;
 So Fame reports, our gracious Sovereign's Sire,
 Had his life shortend, by a fatal stroke.

Mindless of this, the parties match'd, pursue

Their

Their toil laborious, in a sweat profuse ;
 Which damp'd too suddenly, may be the cause
 Of surfeits, fevers, and the num'rous ills,
 In consequence of perspiration check'd.

Pleasure and exercise, alike unite,
 In bowling, when, upon a new-mown green,
 The bowls, with judgement, to their bias set,
 Describe their parabolic path aright ;
 But bowlers, must have rubbers, many a time,
 Each party, grows impatient, o'er his bowl,
 Writhing, distorted, while it shapes its course
 Elliptic, nor untutor'd, when it winds
 In slow gradation, curving to the jack.
 If then, a bowl well-aim'd, should either strike,
 And quite reverse the game, with bitten lip,
 The losers stamp, and fortune execrate ;
 The winners shout, nor long perhaps, enjoy
 That triumph, with the chance against them turn'd.

What patience is requir'd, with hook and bait,
 Reptile, paste, insect, or the various flies

Real and factitious, angling, to ensnare
 The finny tribes, alert at their disport ;
 And drag them, from their native element,
 To die convuls'd, in atmospheric air,
 Writhing with pain, while anglers, from their gills,
 Tear the barb'd hook, as if they had not sense,
 To feel, like their tormentors, were their lips
 So hook'd, and with like rudeness, disengag'd.
 Can this be counted sport — Then cruelty
 May pass for mercy — Is it an employ ?
 To thinking minds, in any one respect
 Congenial — Can the hours be wisely spent ?
 Upon a river's, willow-fringed, bank,
 Long sedentary, o'er the angle rod,
 To watch the dancing floater, till the blood
 Chilling, with cold, is in its current check'd,
 For now and then a nibble, or to wade
 The streamy shallows, rough with pebble beds,
 On rippling eddies, there, to cast the fly,
 At length of line attach'd, which may extend

The water's breadth, and more address demands,
 Rightly to traverse, and to dub the flies,
 Than is requir'd, to learn an useful trade,
 By practice, in a seven years servitude.

How much more manly, is the exercise,
 As more commendable the skill acquir'd
 By Archery; to cruelty estrang'd,
 Graceful in practice, not exhausting strength;
 But fortifying more, the sinewy arm,
 As most enur'd, to bend the springy yew;
 Whence health, by manly exercise maintain'd,
 Attends the game, from fatal dangers free:
 For lovers of the bow loose but in sport
 Their arrows, not as enemies of old,
 In bloody conflict rang'd, or school-boys late
 At an upbreking, with the crested cock,
 A victim to their awkward shots expos'd,
 Which, sometimes, from the careless lookers-on
 Drew blood — but modern archers now may boast
 They have converted weapons us'd in war

To harmless sport. O may the time arrive,
 When, after their example, men shall loathe
 Wide-wasting war.—Their swords, to plow-shares
 turn'd,

To pruning knives, their murderous bayonets
 Converted. While, no more the nitrous grain,
 From metal tubes explosive, murderous balls
 Impels, but on a birth-day only, marks
 The public exultation, with discharge
 Of powder, and the wonderful display
 Of fire-works, for a gracious Sovereign's life—
 Yet lengthened—may he long survive, and reign
 In willing subjects hearts, while Archery
 Adds, to her worthy lovers of the bow,
 Numbers, increasing as his years increase.

This happy end to gain, our yeomanry,
 The independent gentry, artizans,
 Merchants, whose ships far distant coasts explore,
 And wealthy manufacturers, unite:
 Archer Societies, of these are form'd,

Who hold their yearly meetings, at Blackheath,
 And Cannock Chase. These the illustrious Dukes
 Norfolk, and Dorset, and those noble Earls
 Moreton, and Ayrelsford, with the gallant Lords
 Eardley, and Grey de Wilton, patronize :
 Attendant gentry, lovers of the bow,
 In lines extensive, to the Targets rang'd,
 Emulous for the prizes, there contend,
 The silver arrow, bow, or bugle horn ;
 Then for refreshment to their tents repair,
 At intervals from sport, where ladies fair,
 Such honour and accommodation find,
 As mark'd, the times of antient chivalry ;
 Like huntress nymphs, or Amazons of yore ;
 Some bend the bow, in uniform of dress,
 Gracefully negligent. These, sometimes match'd,
 Contend for prizes, with the archer bands,
 And, to augment a victor's triumph more,
 Their hands invest him with the well won prize,
 While bowmen, in a ring, collected round,
 These champions of the day, felicitate,

How

How pleasing to the sight, is such a field
 Of British bowmen, by their uniforms
 Distinguish'd. Archers of artillery
 By royal patronage, have long been grac'd ;
 The Sorton archers, who reviv'd the art,
 Near six score years by-past, claim precedence
 For constant practice, when they yearly met,
 At Richmond, Darlington, and other grounds,
 Heath, chase, or forest, where they ply'd their sport,
 And numbers, to behold their matches came,
 Whether in Yorkshire, or that Bishoprick,
 Whose prelate boasts, with ample revenues,
 A peerage, and power secular annex'd.

Robin Hood's bowmen, meet for their disport
 At Holloway, near Highgate, on the hill,
 Where, to admiring rustics, London rears
 Her many spires in view, and o'er the rest
 Paul's dome, superior, hides in clouds of smoke,
 Its bulk, enormous, at a distance view'd,
 Yet with the outside pile, by rules of art

And

And spacious gallery within, compar'd,
 It will be own'd a perfect master-piece,
 Where Wren and Thornton lavish'd all their skill.

Woodmen of Arden, by the noble Earl
 Of Aylesford patroniz'd, their long-bows bend
 In Arden forest, now, near skirted round
 With rivulets, which at their meetings, form
 The Tame and Avon. Once the forest bounds
 Stretch'd, almost, from the Severn to the Trent.
 Well wooded, till the Dryads, thence expell'd,
 Tillage took place, and villages arose,
 Incroaching still, upon the forest bounds.

Of London archers, the Toxophilites
 Are famous, by Sir Asheton Lever form'd,
 With few at first, but numerous now, and skill'd
 At the long-bow.—Their name, its love imports;
 Sir Asheton lov'd it; was he now alive,
 In health and strength, among Toxophilites
 He would be own'd a master of the bow.
 Whate'er he undertook, at nought he aim'd

Short of perfection : for a flying shot
 Few were his equals, on the mettled steed
 Fearless, he vaulted, and retain'd his seat,
 Like Macedonia's hero, when he back'd
 Bucephalus ; his hunters he could make
 Docile, as pointers, at a word call'd off,
 High ranging in full scent ; if birds of song,
 Or shewy plumage, here, in wood or field,
 Excited his industrious search, to form
 An aviary, soon the foreign kinds
 Were added, to increase his native stock ;
 If curious shells he sought, none sooner made
 A choice collection, or like him, could clear
 From the rich Nacre, its adhesive crust ;
 In such pursuits, continually employ'd,
 He strove, the secrets to investigate
 Of Art, and Nature, when at once they drew
 To him, the curtain, which had long conceal'd
 Their mysteries profound, from vulgar eyes ;
 Enabled hence, as the high priest of both,

Their

Their wonders to exhibit, all the time
 Of his remaining life, to that sole end
 Devoted, he that grand Museum form'd,
 Which has his memory immortaliz'd,
 To all succeeding ages, At his death,
 The Muses mourn'd, and Genius, having tow'r'd
 So high with him, was check'd in her bold flight ;
 As if no farther efforts could be made,
 By human industry. But sure, she said,
 Talents so exquisite, so well employ'd,
 Could never die—He did but migrate hence ;
 As, from their torpid state, the insect tribes
 Rise, to an active, and expand their wings,
 Glowing, with vivid colours, to the Sun ;
 So, for the other life, he this exchang'd ;
 Still active, and engag'd in the pursuit
 Of Objects ever new — Unfading flowers
 Grow there, and fruits, unclogg'd with core or rind ;
 With animals, the perfect archetypes,
 Of ours below, and others, natives there,

To

To us unknown. Of these, he culls the choice,
 Arranging them in order to compose
 New exhibitions, which to Angels' eyes
 Are only visible, and none like him
 Could to advantage place. The wonderful sight
 They view, delighted, with astonishment,
 That such a Genius, in this mortal state,
 So long could linger e'er he soar'd above.

Wareing, his pupil and assistant true
 In the arrangement just, of articles
 Which day by day his grand Museum swell'd,
 Was lately decorated with the prize
 For archery, in competition won.
 He now in the Metropolis has form'd
 A factory, whence archers may procure
 Both bows and arrows, proper for their sport.

The Royal British bowmen were in Wales,
 Under Sir Watkin Williams, form'd at first :
 These love the bow, and frequently convene
 At Manor-houses. Ladies there contend

I

With

With Gentlemen, and medals are the prize,
 Of gold and silver, for the central shots ;
 The symbols, of Druidical import,
 And legends terse commend the antient art ;
 By British Bards, well vers'd in pedigrees,
 And Cambrian poesy, deciphered best.

The Royal Kentish bowmen, by the Prince
 Are patroniz'd, and meet at Dartford heath,
 Another band, in Kent, a meeting form,
 The loyal archers nam'd, because they join'd
 That grand procession, in their uniform
 Of dress well fancied, which was made to Paul's ;
 When there, our much-lov'd Sovereign paid his
 vows,

On his recov'ry, to the heart-felt joy
 Of ev'ry loyal subject, in his realms ;
 At Lewisham these loyal archers meet,
 And to a lodge retire with rural views,
 Render'd delightful, when their manly sport
 Is ended, where in mirth they close the day.

A third

A third society of bowmen bold,
 This country boasts, the Kentish Rangers nam'd ;
 These hold their stated meetings, at Black-heath,
 And claim the praise, ascrib'd in former times,
 To Kentish yeomanry ; who to the yoke
 Of conquering Normans, would not bow their necks ;
 But with notch'd arrows stood, and menac'd war ;
 Yet held forth boughs of trees, betok'ning peace,
 If Gavelkind, with their accustom'd rights,
 They might retain. The Conqueror amaz'd
 At such an instance of true hardyhood,
 Sheathing his sword, allow'd their claim of rights,
 To them and theirs, by royal grant confirm'd.

The Hainault Foresters, their meetings hold
 In Essex, near the famous Fairlop Oak,
 Which branch'd to that extent, in former days,
 An acre underneath to overspread,
 And scarce a line of forty feet can girt
 Its middle bole. Ladies, and gentry round,

All, who of note, surrounding mansions grace,
Throng there, to exercise the antient art.

At Summer Hill, the Mercian bowmen meet,
A gallant archer band, from Coventry,
Fam'd for her fringes, and her ribbon wares,
The peeper there, to strangers on the rout,
With the procession, year by year, hold forth
The old tradition of Godiva's love
To the poor citizens, who by her means
From heavy imposts, were thereafter freed,

The royal Surrey bowmen frequent meet
On Epsom downs, for the salubrious air,
And medicinal wells in high repute,
Where crowds from London, at the season throng,
By dissipation urg'd, or to restore
A languid constitution, with the salts
Aluminous, which brace the slacken'd nerves;
And, when extracted by the chymist's art,
Many prescriptions enter, nor deceive
Physicians, well appriz'd of their effects.

Near

Near Salisbury, Old Sarum archers meet,
 Their ancestors, who found in days of drought,
 Water too scanty, settled in the plain,
 There, where the Avon, and the Neddar join ;
 Replenish'd, with their tributary streams ;
 Here, o'er wide plains, the eye expatiates,
 Uncheck'd in its free range, till Stonehenge strikes
 Spectators, with its circling pillars huge ;
 Rough from the quarry, as by some suppos'd,
 Factitious, thought by many, for no vein,
 Or vestige of a strata, can be trac'd
 Whence they were quarry'd out, for many miles,
 Some to enchantment, therefore have ascrib'd
 This wonder, as a proof of Merlin's art,
 Not knowing these were British monuments,
 More ancient than the Memphian pyramids,
 To worship sacred *, e'er by rules of art,

Columns

* We find several instances in sacred writ of this custom ; such was the stone set up by Jacob, upon which he

poured

Columns were fluted, with a graving tool,
 The stones poluting, which in after times
 The worship of the Deity transferr'd
 From circles rude, and tabernacl'd groves
 To cover'd domes, excluding from above
 Heav'n's light, wherein the Highest sits enthron'd.

Near

pour'd oil, and dedicated it to the Lord, when he made a
 vow to worship him only as his God. Such were those
 stones, set up jointly by him and Laban, as a token of the
 covenant between them in Mizpha, where Jacob made a
 feast for his brethren of Laban's kindred, and offered sa-
 crifices with them upon the Mount. Such were the twelve
 stones set up in Jordan and Gilgal, by Joshua, to com-
 memorate the miraculous passage over Jordan; and the stone
 Ebenezer, set up by Samuel, after the people's deliverance
 from the power of the Philistines. Perhaps the extraor-
 dinary deference paid by the Romans to the Termini, or
 boundary stones, arose not only from a principle of equity,
 but also from a reverence to traditionary accounts of their
 dedication with religious ceremonies, by the antients.

Near Hereford, a band of archers meet,
 At Archenfield, once ruin'd by the Danes;
 Men of this district, claim'd by custom old,
 The fore-front of the battle, on their foes
 Advancing, and the rear, on a retreat;
 Near hand with Lodon, Frome, and Wye unite,
 To fertilize the fruitful golden vale;
 And juicy redstreaks, in the season press'd,
 Yield cyder plenteous, grateful to the taste,
 By tuneful Phillips sung, with Marchley hill,
 Now stationary, though in motion once,
 To the surprise of Herefordian swains.

The Yorkshire archers, though but form'd of late,
 Already most respectable are grown,
 Near Leeds, for manufactur'd woollens fam'd,
 At Chappel-town they meet, where Air and Wharf
 Marsh-land inclose: the kine, which there are fed,
 Are fatt'ned speedily against the fairs,
 When buyers kill, and salt their winter store.

Bowmen

Bowmen of Chevy-chase, their meetings hold
 Upon the Borders, where in feudal times
 Douglas and Percy, with their followers met,
 And fell in Battle. All a summer's day,
 Till even, when the curfew bell was rung,
 They fiercely fought, till few, of either side,
 Were left, to mourn the terrible effects
 Of feuds, perpetuating deadly strife,
 When noblemen their vassals could engage,
 Their pride, or private grudges to support ;
 Whence, many years, the Borders lay untill'd :
 But times are so far alter'd for the best,
 That arrows, now, are only loos'd in sport
 At Chevy-chase :—mean while, Northumberland,
 Free from alarms, beholds her noble Duke
 Honour her bowmen with his patronage.

Teucerean archers, in the art are skill'd,
 Part make their arrows fit for every length,
 And finish'd well, in feather, notch, and pile ;

These

These meet, where Stockport rears her hilly streets,
 High tow'ring o'er the rocky banks of Tame,
 And holds a charter from her antient Lord,
 Who granted ev'ry Burgefs of his land,
 An acre, with a homestead for a house,
 On payment each of twelve-pence yearly rent ;
 Sure money then was scarce, or Lords were good,
 'Tis plenty now, or rents too high are rais'd.

The Broughton Archers, and the Bowmen good
 Of Lancashire, keep up the former name
 Their fires acquir'd, for skill in Archery ;
 Ennobled Egerton, of Heaton-House
 These patronizes, bearing for his crest,
 Three pheon'd arrows with a ribbon bound,
 Symbol of ancestors for bowmanship
 Distinguish'd.—He too loves the manly sport,
 Nor fears, in competition, to be match'd
 With those acknowleg'd masters of the bow,
 Who yearly meetings hold at Cannoch-Chafe.
 Lancashire Bowmen, there were victors hail'd,

And bore away the prize, a silver bow ;
 Near Manchester, at Chetham butts they meet,
 Chetham, long famous for an archer race,
 The Rawfons, brethren, dext'rous in the art,
 John, Roger, Daniel, known at meetings round,
 For upwards of an hundred years by past,
 By all acknowledg'd masters of the bow ;
 And James, the son of John, when in his prime,
 Refus'd no challenge, nor a match e'er lost,
 Like an old Racer, now, grown stiff with age,
 He gives the contest up, but still attends
 On Archer bands, and when the bow-strings twang,
 He recollects the former matches shot ;
 Honour'd in age, to lovers of the bow,
 His feats in bowmanship he will recount.
 Sage Nestor thus, among the junior Greeks
 Fought o'er again, the battles of his youth
 In narrative of circumstance prolix,
 Yet his experience long, and honour'd age,
 Whene'er he spoke, kept all that hear'd him mute.

At Chetham too, the Bowyers art reviv'd,
 By application in co-partnership,
 Wrigley and Jones have greatly now improv'd ;
 Long it had languish'd and was nearly lost,
 When all the Kelfals, famous for their bows
 Throughout the kingdom, were at last extinct ;
 But Archers, now, from either may procure,
 Choice bows and arrows suited to their sport,
 As separate int'rests both alike excite
 To strive for mastery in workmanship,
 Whence every art its last perfection gains.

At Chetham Factory, the curious view
 Such bows and arrows as the Indians use,
 Of Bamboo reed the shafts, whose lowest joints
 Receive the piles, some pointed sharp, some broad,
 Lance-like, and beaten thin ; the Indians these
 Sometimes, with pois'nous juices so besmear,
 That certain death, as from the bite of asps,
 Ensues, where'er they wound—An antique Bow
 They here exhibit, whether horn or bone

Its composition, is not ascertain'd,
 But, on comparifon, it well might match
 The bow of Pandarus, which Homer fung,
 A skillful workman for that archer made
 Of a huge he-goat's far-protruded horns,
 Which as it sportive sprung from cliff to cliff,
 He chas'd, and with a barbed arrow fhoot.

Near Kerfal Moor the Broughton Archers fix
 Their targets, pierced with many a well-aim'd fhoot
 Thence Manchester, in profpect far extends
 Beyond the antient fcite her new-nam'd ftreets
 Near hand the Irwell, under broken banks
 A channel fcoops, till in his winding courfe,
 Nearly inclofing Salford he receives,
 The Irk and Medlock's tributary freams,
 When haftening to the Tame, their names are loft
 At Merfey Bank—Bridgewater's noble Duke
 With vaft capacity for enterprize,
 Has there evinc'd the great utility
 Of inland intercourfe by new canals,

Still branching out, wherever trade extends;
 As Britain's staple wares are more increas'd,
 While new machinery, of ev'ry pow'r
 Mechanic, to the useful arts apply'd,
 Shortens the process, which in former times
 Cramp'd industry, nor gave sufficient range
 To genius, evermore upon the stretch,
 Whether perfecting old, or striking out
 Still new inventions—Hence Mancunia boasts
 Her fabrics, multiply'd so much of late,
 And these, so highly finish'd, that her stock
 Often falls short to answer the demands
 Perpetual, which exhaust it day by day,
 In bales and ample chests each way dispatch'd.

Near Everton, the Mersey Bowmen meet,
 And from its lofty brow, that isle descry,
 The patrimony once of Derby Earls;
 Nearer at hand spectators thence may view
 That Channel, where the Mersey disembouges,
 As from an inland sea, her copious waves,

And

And vessels num'rous sail on ev'ry tide,
 Homeward or outward bound, while pilots strive,
 By steerage true to turn the fatal rock,
 And when night's sable shade, the Hemisphere
 Invests, then in the absence of the Sun,
 The Light-house, as his substitute darts forth
 Bright coruscations, by a series grand
 Of chrystal mirrors multiply'd, and far
 Reflected, on the bosom of the deep;
 Or in the day-time vessels homeward bound,
 Ply in the offing, but as dancing buoys,
 And cock-boats seen, yet various-colour'd flags,
 To Merchants and enquiring relatives
 Distinguish them arriving with their freights,
 Whence Liverpool her still encreasing stock
 Keeps up equivalent to each demand,
 Inward and outward—Wilberforce in vain,
 By Envy, or a false humanity
 Excited, aim'd a blow at her right arm
 Of commerce—But by gradual means Dundas
 Gain'd

Gain'd leifure, till the Public undeceiv'd,
Saw in fair procefs Kimber's innocence
Eftablifh'd, and the perjur'd wretch condemn'd
To fuffer whatfoe'er the laws inflict.

[*Here the Poem upon Archery ends, and the Appendix referred to in page 9th commences with that of the general Deluge.*]



THE
GENERAL DELUGE:
A
P O E M.



(2)

ADVERTISEMENT.

NO allusion is made in this Poem on the Deluge, to the Atheistical principles and practises of our modern Levellers, particularly such as have distinguished the Democrats of France, that the Reader's reflections may not be anticipated. Generally speaking, the same causes have produced the like effects, as will be manifest in the parallel, with a difference only of manners, between Antidiluvian, and our new-light Philosophical Levellers of the present age.

Perhaps these last have exceeded the former in wickedness, by endeavouring to intrude upon the world notions founded upon gross Materialism

A

and

and absolute fatality, in opposition to all order and subordination in Society, and the plain precepts of Scripture, which every where inculcate obedience and subjection to those who are set in Authority over us.

A worthy Magistrate in this Neighbourhood sufficiently evinced the truth of these assertions, when he seconded an Address from Manchester upon the King's Proclamation, in May, 1792; and this in so striking a manner, as to produce the following Lines from the Author, which are here annexed, both to strengthen the observations above, and likewise to testify his gratitude for the particular zeal which that worthy Gentleman exerted in soliciting Subscriptions to the Poem upon Archery.



To

To SAMUEL CLOWES, Esq.

OF BROUGHTON.

AS able seamen, from a low'ring sky
The storm foreseeing, to their posts will fly,
So we beheld you steady at the helm,
When Faction threaten'd to embroil this Realm.

Then, like an able active Magistrate,
You with precision could discriminate
Religious scruples from the knavish tricks
Of modern Zealots, mad with politics,
Who ev'ry art and ev'ry means employ,
Our happy Constitution to destroy;
Means which a Christian Country would disgrace:
The Gospel uniformly teaches peace —
The fear of God — to Kings the honour due —
And doing as we would be done unto.
Those who these doctrines can oppose or flight,

Are

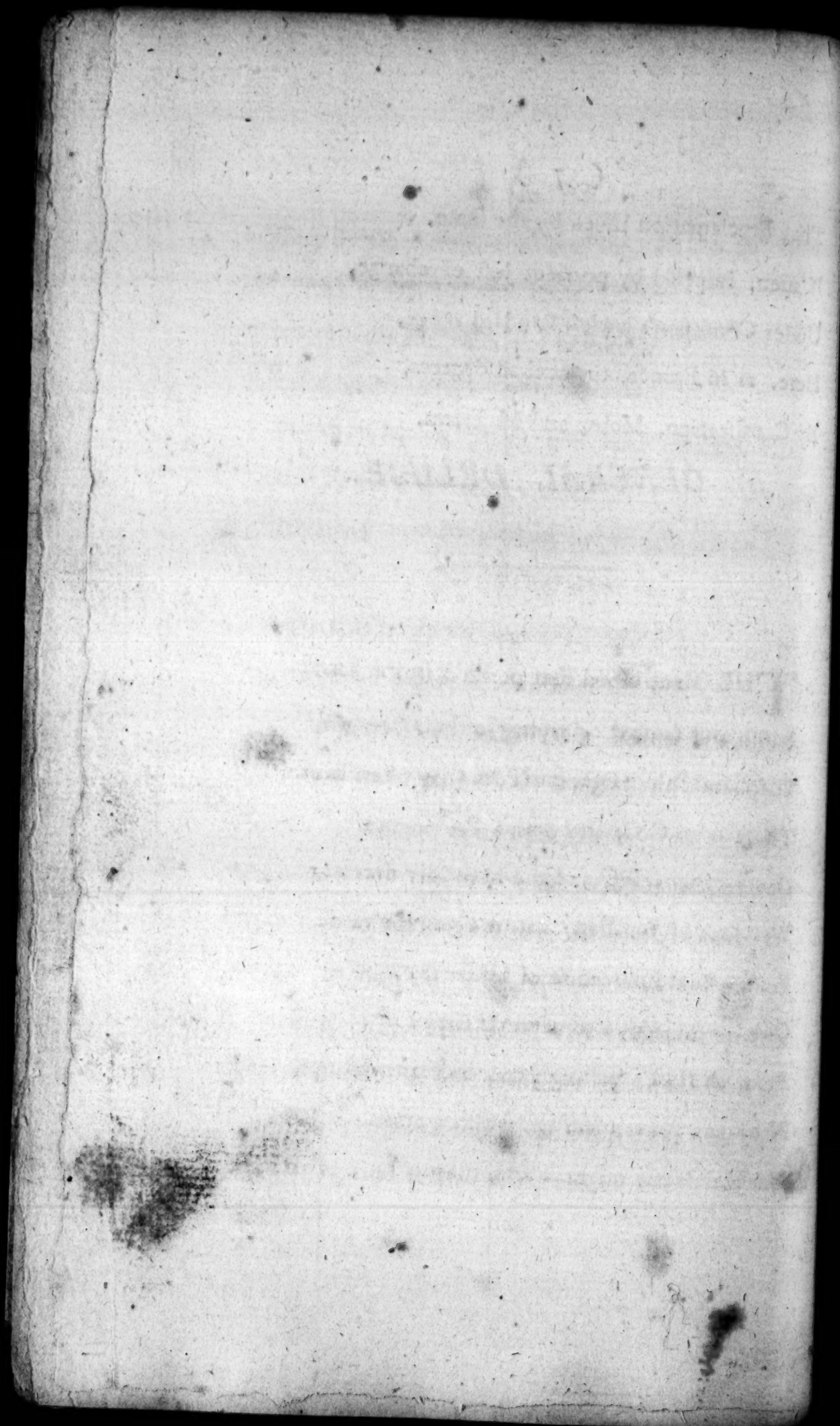
Are wrong, whate'er they say, preach, print, or
write,

For in these Precepts, as by you explain'd,
The sum of all Religion is contain'd,
And those are right who these commands revere,
Striving their best by them their lives to square,
Observing them in Charity and Peace,
Papists and Protestants may coalesce,
And ev'ry Sect its scruples might retain,
If all would peaceably themselves demean,
Allowing all, that Freedom each would take,
That none might suffer wrong for conscience'
fake.

Hear'd with attention you these truths main-
tain'd,
And loud applause your observations gain'd;
None call'd in question what you then advanc'd,
By your firm resolution more enhanc'd,
To second, as an active Magistrate,

That

That Proclamation issued by the State,
If men, impell'd by prurient lust of change,
Under Confusion's lawless standard range,
Here, as in France, to level all degrees,
By Confiscation, Mobs, and Massacres.



THE
GENERAL DELUGE.

THE Giant brood that perish'd in the flood,
Selfish and sensual, glorying in their strength,
Blasphem'd the Highest—Tush they often said
There is no God, nor doth a Providence
Govern the world, as some have idly dreamt ;
We, sons of freedom, nature's genuine race,
From casual intercourse of either sex ;
Owe no subjection to paternal sway ;
From wedlock's galling yoke, and laws exempt,
None can prevail o'er us, with arguments,
Nor match our might—Who then is Lord of us ?

B

That

That impious crew, thus boasting, disavow'd
 All order in society, and drew
 To their opinions loose, the multitude,
 By noise and bold assertions, oftner sway'd
 Than solid reason : These, with loud applause,
 Such maxims atheistical embrac'd,
 Which levell'd all distinctions—right and wrong
 To arbitration of perverse self-will
 Alone referr'd. Whoever till'd a field
 Another seiz'd the crop, and bent his bow
 At those whose sweat had rais'd it, all the same,
 As if they had intruded on his right ;
 Slothful, rapacious, and improvident
 To make a tent, where one was ready pitch'd,
 They took possession, not as casual guests
 To tarry for a night, whate'er their lusts
 Suggested, by the new-found Rights of Man,
 They claim'd as their's, nor wife, nor maid escap'd
 Defilement, where a brutal inmate fix'd ;
 Bnt, if two ruffians should at once intrude

With

With like intent, and neither would give place,
 Fiercely they fought—alternate arrows flew,
 And brandish'd javlins, as two savage boars
 With foamy tusks, or brinded tygers fight;
 Or furious bulls, for mastery of a herd
 Contending, while the kine are in suspense,
 Whether to follow, so the hapless fair,
 For whom they thus contended, not to woe
 By decent courtship, but with brutal force
 To violate, all trembling, stood aloof;
 Till seiz'd by both, and likely to be torn
 Piecemeal, she fainted, and if one his grasp
 Then quitted, off his prize the other bore;
 Till, with an arrow his antagonist
 Her breast transfix'd, to fatal rivalry
 A sacrifice, her blood distain'd the earth,
 And cry'd to heav'n for vengeance; of his prey
 Thus robb'd, the ravisher, renew'd afresh
 The combat, doubtful long, till loss of life,
 Or flight of his opponent, left in pow'r

The victor, an unwelcome inmate still,

Till, by a stronger ruffian, dispos'd.

While thus the earth was full of wickedness,
Noah, and his small family, escap'd

The dire contagion—Near the sacred Mount

He pitch'd his tent, surrounded by a grove

Planted about that altar, where a lamb

Slain yearly, in the patriarchal times,

By fire, from heaven descending, was consum'd.

The Sire of human race, there duly came

To worship.—Enoch, thence was taken up,

Amidst the congregation, when the smoke

Ascended, from the yearly sacrifice ;

Here, Adam breath'd his last, beside the mount,

And there lay buried—Sacred was the place,

With the surrounding grove, where divers paths,

All tending to the altar, were dispos'd

In labyrinthian windings, here and there

Crossing each other, and, to make the way

Which to the centre led, more intricate,

Some

Some curv'd eccentric outward, or in orbs
 Voluted inward, so that none, unskill'd
 In lore symbolic, knew the proper path
 Which pointed out, by correspondent trees,
 Olives entwin'd about with clustring vines,
 The only walk, which winding orb in orb
 Unto the mount, and holy altar led,
 To Noah known, but hid from the prophane.

Before the entrance of the sacred grove,
 Two pillars stood, whereon the Patriarch Seth,
 In hieroglyphic symbols, had describ'd
 The arts and sciences, in his time known;
 Chisell'd with flint, on granate obelisks,
 Rough from the quarry, and in sculpture rude,
 There, Agriculture taught her hardy sons
 To yoke the steers; a billet train'd along
 Crooked as it had grown, and shod with flint,
 Turn'd up the stubborn soil, till Tubal Cain
 Found metals out, and forg'd the trenching share.
 Already, to her sons, she had disclos'd

The

The heaven-taught art, with meliorating shoots
 To graft harsh wildings, or inoculate
 With buds procur'd from choice fruit-bearing trees;
 Some she had taught exactly to observe
 Those noted Constellations in' the Heav'ns,
 Which, by their rise and setting, indicate
 Seed-time and harvest, with the setting-in
 Of the Monsoons, when periodic rains
 Might be expected, whence the rivers swell,
 Far o'er their former bounds, and fertilize
 The grounds they cover, with deposit rich.
 Round her, the Seasons, in a circle danced,
 Pair'd in succession, with their partner months,
 'Till they had clos'd the year, which, where it ends,
 Commences, and the pairs again cast off
 Their wondrous measure to perpetuate.

Geometry, upon her schemes intent,
 There trac'd her lines, assuming for her base
 The form triangular, to symbolize
 Matter inert, till by extraneous force

Impell'd

Impell'd to action ; on its point above,
 A circle she describ'd, adapted more
 To motion, from a surface, every way
 Smooth and contiguous, whether spherical,
 Or oval ; over this she drew a cone,
 Wreath'd with a spiral line ; but here her art
 Had found its limit, in the ample range
 Of fluxions, and infinitesimals
 In Conic sections, more and more increas'd,
 As the progressive series is advanc'd ;
 Yet she in natural productions saw
 Forms higher graduated in volutes
 Of land and sea-shells from a central point
 Diverging, to a range, for which she found
 No ratio — Yet more wonderful the play
 Of motion muscular ; and most of all,
 In those assemblages, so manifold
 Fibres, and coats of fibres, which compose
 The brain and bowels, on a transient view,
 Appearing like a rude chaotic mass ;

Yet

Yet these, both in their structure and its use,
 A mechanism supereminent
 To other forms exhibit, in their scite
 By ligaments and membranes so retain'd
 That each contorsion, for a centre serves,
 Both its own motion, to perpetuate,
 And all associates, in the series vast,
 To their determin'd offices excite.
 Observing this, with her left hand reclin'd
 Upon the pointed cone, her right to Heav'n
 She rais'd, with admiration, at the vast
 Infinity, of things, to her unknown;
 Which, on comparifon, reduc'd to nought,
 The few her problems could investigate.

Next, a celestial sphere, the Patriarch trac'd
 In fculpture rude—Astronomy there mark'd
 Those constellations, in the Zodiac fix'd,
 Which the Sun vifits, in his annual course,
 With those erratic planets, which receive
 Their light, from him reflected, and revolve

At stated periods, in the path oblique,
 By which high Heaven he scales—These, to the Sun
 And to each other, varying, North and South
 Apply their aspects, opposite or near.

Urania, with a crown of stars adorn'd,
 Profoundly skill'd, in the Symbolic tongue,
 Convers'd with angels, while in lofty strains
 Their wisdom celebrating, she preserv'd
 The Patriarchal customs; here and there
 Precepts conducing to a moral life,
 Traditions old, and maxims of the Wise,
 Were interspers'd, in her Celestial Song.

Noah had often warn'd ungodly men
 Of the approaching Flood, by word and deeds;
 Exhorting them to follow what was right;
 Nor this suffic'd—He pointed to an Ark
 Against the Deluge, previously prepar'd;
 Which, by the tedious toil of many years,
 Was finish'd—Often they had stood at gaze,
 And thought him little less than mad—Sometimes

C

They

They wonder'd, by what means he had amass'd
 Materials, for a structure, of that bulk
 Enormous, nor reflected once, that time,
 Patience, and daily labour, can surmount
 Most difficulties — Here, mechanic pow'rs
 Industriously apply'd, they saw produc'd
 A wondrous work, the master-piece of art;
 And in a little time, much more increas'd
 Was their astonishment, to see the beasts,
 Savage and tame, couch round about the ark,
 And fowls of every wing, perch on its top,
 Or wheeling round it, nor of insect tribes
 Were any wanting, as by instinct led,
 Class'd in their various kinds — a wonderful
 Assemblage — Noah and his sons the while
 Stor'd in the Ark, that proper food for each,
 Which, in its season, they with care procur'd.

Rumour, that never rests, when aught occurs
 New, or uncommon, ev'ry circumstance
 Soon nois'd abroad — The fickle multitude,

Sway'd

Sway'd by her breath, assembled round the Ark,
 As waves, impell'd by winds, keep rolling on,
 Each coursing each—None came without their
 arms,

Weapon'd, like savage Indians, on the beach,
 Crouding to view a ship, which on their coast
 First touches; they, with arrows ready notch'd,
 Menace the crew, or brandish each his lance;
 So these were arm'd, for levelling, all law
 Suppress'd, and none, himself accounted safe
 Without his bow and quiver, or a lance;
 Accustom'd, either from the hand, or string,
 Those missiles to discharge, as suited most
 Their views, to wound aloof, or in close fight.

High tow'ring, o'er the rest, that giant brood
 The Nephilim, upon the vulgar herd
 Look'd down disdainful—Bows, that match'd their
 height,
 They bore, with arrows of proportion'd length;
 And massy clubs, which far surpass'd the force

Of common men to wield, on these they stay'd
 As with a staff, their bulk, of vastness huge.
 Atheists in principle, their arrogance
 All bounds exceeded — From the servile crew,
 To them attach'd, that rev'rence they claim'd,
 Which only from the human race, is due
 To the ALL-GIVER, who withholds from none
 His gifts, and graces, nothing in return
 Requiring, but the use, which may to all
 Communicate his goodness, and excite
 Mankind to magnify Him in his works
 Of wonder, and beneficence, ador'd !
 But these profane, to usefulness averse,
 Subsisted only, by the daily spoil
 Of others, subject to their petulance,
 And human victims, frequently requir'd,
 Nor their associates on occasion spar'd,
 By policy, or malice, singled out,
 To glut their hatred, or confirm their power.

How long, they said to Noah, shall thy dreams,
 And fable, of a flood, this people scare;
 The tale, repeated now these many years.
 Is grown familiar, and the righteousness
 It should enforce, to us, so often preach'd,
 Against our only law, the Rights of Man,
 Stands opposite; nor can it be reduc'd
 To practice — What is right, without the pow'r
 That takes, or keeps possession? What is wrong
 In us, who follow Nature's eldest Law,
 And use the might, her lib'ral boon imparts,
 For our emolument. With full free will
 By her invested, we are hence to none
 Accountable, nor will by thee be judg'd.

Others kept scoffing, and with ridicule
 The Patriarch's zeal, and providential care,
 Against the Deluge, tauntingly revil'd.
 Why heed ye such a dotard, they exclaim'd?
 The man is mad—Behold this fabric hugh,
 On which he for so many years has toil'd;

Turns

Turns out, at last, to be a spacious cage
 For birds, four footed beasts, and creeping things;
 Where he may them exhibit, to amuse
 Spectators, or enjoy a little world,
 Within his ark, of ours by this time tir'd,
 As we have of his preachments been, long since.

Whom Noah, in return, thus mild address'd,
 Ascribe not, brethren, my behaviour past,
 To a derangement of those reas'ning pow'rs,
 By which our human species, is from beasts
 Distinguish'd—Madness, evermore in act
 Is inconsistent, nor a certain end,
 By proper means, invariably pursues.

Ye are my witnesses since I began
 To build this ark, my words and deeds have held
 One constant tenor, call ye not to mind?
 All your hard speeches, when I stretch'd the line,
 For its admeasurement, and fram'd by rules
 Main timbers, all proportion'd to the plan;
 This undertaking, you could then pronounce

Impossible

Impossible to finish, but behold
 It is completed, by the special aid
 Of God Almighty, who, for all the time
 Has spar'd you, if repentance might avert
 The doom denounc'd, that by a general flood
 Ye, otherwise, must perish in your guilt.
 And see, the animals of ev'ry kind,
 Croud to the Ark, therein to be preserv'd,
 More sensible than you, they would escape
 That dreadful visitation, which your crimes,
 Shocking to think on, for yourselves prepare.
 You, who to nature, all things now ascribe,
 Yet thwart her decent order, provident
 That nought is wasted, which can be apply'd
 To any use; but ye invert her ends;
 In riot, and in swinish gluttony
 Consuming all, yet toil, and care for nought;
 Till ye degrade yourselves below the beasts,
 Your arguments all tending to confirm
 Mere fallacies, appearances of things,

Not

Not their realities, because your wills
 Hardened in iniquity, hate the truths
 Which would your gross enormities expose.
 And what are the advantages, you gain
 By such a conduct, wrong in the extreme?
 Rather, what damage, do ye not sustain,
 Who slight the sober maxims, handed down
 From Sire to son, which Enoch, now with God,
 Collected — Ye may smile, perhaps, and ask
 What is God's essence? Who has ever seen
 His shape? or heard his voice? In former times
 When men were truly rational, none made
 Such queries — Free from crimes, which now have
 fill'd

The earth with violence, they often saw
 The Angel of his presence, and his voice
 Heard, in the evening cool, or at the dawn;
 What time, a general Hallelujah rose
 From all the creatures, to his praise referr'd,
 By man, endow'd with reason, to discern

God,

God, in his works of wonder—Blind indeed,
 And senseless they may well be deem'd that ask
 Where is He? who may well be felt and seen,
 In sunshine, rain, and dew, with grateful change
 Of fruitful seasons—Could the seeing eye?
 Or hearing ear, be so exactly form'd?
 But by His wisdom, and Omnipotence,
 Who is All-seeing, and has long beheld
 Your gross enormities—The cry of blood
 He hears, wherewith you have defil'd the earth,
 Now, with a flood of waters, to be purg'd;
 Nor can the course of Nature, be renew'd
 By other means, ye have it so derang'd
 Conjugal love, the source of social bliss,
 From whence affinities, and kindred spring,
 With all the charities that sweeten life
 Ye have destroy'd, and for it substitute
 Casual or forc'd embraces, whence the care
 Of children, born in misery and pain,
 Is cast entirely on the weaker sex,

D

Who

Who for their helpless infants must provide
 Clothing, which nature, even from the birth,
 Gives to the animals, by instinct led
 Unreas'ning, to attain the proper end
 Of their creation — Reas'ning faculties
 In man, take place of instinct, to the end
 That with a partner, he may share the sweets
 Of social union, in a married state.

And there, where instinct ceases, reason prompts
 Man, to the tender task, paternal care
 Of children, which can well reward itself,
 In that due honour, which was paid to age
 By our forefathers, now no more observ'd,
 Since rapes are common, and ye scarcely know
 Your next of kin, a godless, spurious race.

But what would be your case, should you grow
 old :

The bad examples ye have set to youth
 Then visited, upon your hoary heads
 Deserv'd contempt will bring — With palsy'd limbs,

In

In consequence of your debauches past
 Thrust from society, condemn'd to loathe
 Life's wretched relics, as the rav'ning beasts
 Couch fanglefs in their dens, till famish'd quite,
 So in obscurity you may expire,
 Wanting that solace and support of age,
 By Patriarchal care in former times
 Extended to the meanest in a tribe.

And since paternal government has ceas'd,
 What have you substituted in its stead?
 Rather, what evils are not introduc'd?
 Each man, could then, his property enjoy,
 Under his vine, or fig-tree, safe from harm,
 His tent receiv'd him, from the rain or sun
 Shrouded, and there at night he slept secure,
 Nor fear'd the violence of ruffians rude,
 Who make self-will their law — All fear of God
 Extinguish'd now, the fear of man, takes place,
 And all are arm'd, those evils to repell,
 Ye on each other mutually inflict,

Till ev'ry band of social compact loos'd,
 Your selves ye would exterminate, in feuds,
 Which riot, robbery, and rivalship
 Pepetuate; or fire from Heaven would fall
 Upon your guilty heads, and burn you up,
 Unless the wrath is by a deluge quench'd.

Thus reas'ning, Noah preach'd of righteousness,
 To that abandon'd crew — part, with remorse
 Cut to the heart, seceded from the rest,
 Signs of compunction shewing — Fear withheld
 Others, from joining the repentant few;
 Seeing them, by those miscreants dispatch'd,
 Who mad with rage, such flights of arrows loos'd,
 That none escap'd, with life — Those arguments
 By Noah urg'd, unable to refute,
 They silenced, with vociferation loud;
 And nearer press'd, to seize, and sacrifice
 The Patriarch, a victim to their spite;
 Foreseeing this, he nearer to the Ark
 Retreated, when the savage beasts there couch'd,

Set up in concert, a tremendous roar,
 Which wither'd all their might; huge elephants
 Male, with his female pair'd, in furious mood,
 Advancing, trod the foremost under foot,
 Embowell'd, with their far-projecting tusks;
 Till Noah from their fury was secur'd,
 Within the sacred grove, to him and his
 The entrance known—From them, tall spreading
 trees,
 With shrubby underwood, and tangling brakes,
 Hid it—Their rage they now resolv'd to wreak
 Upon the Ark, and heaps of fuel pil'd,
 To burn that wond'rous structure, by the toil
 Of many years, from its first rudiments,
 Then covered in, and coated o'er with charge
 Bituminous, to keep out drenching wet;
 But evening then came on, and introduc'd
 The time of revelry, prelusive scene
 To their nocturnal orgies—Thus engag'd,
 Their purpose till the morning was deferr'd,

But

But safely shrouded in the sacred grove,
 The Patriarch and his family pour'd forth
 Their oraisons, what time the setting Sun
 Shot, through a cloudless sky, his level beams,
 Which the ALL-GIVER's goodness, and his pow'r,
 Gloriously manifested in his works;
 Cool eve' before the dewfall gave free range
 To Contemplation, while the mingled song
 Clos'd by degrees, of birds upon the spray,
 In solitary chirps, till all was hush'd
 To silence — when the Patriarch, as the Priest
 Of his small filial flock, thus rais'd his voice:

“ Maker of all things, which keep in their course
 By thine appointment, save, where sinful men
 Pervert the creatures, from their proper use;
 Let our acknowledgments, for every good
 From thee proceeding, and by us receiv'd,
 Come with acceptance, to thy Mercy-seat;
 Accept our sacrifice, of pray'r, and praise,
 And be propitious, to thy little flock;

So may the Angel of Thy Presence guard
 This holy mountain, and sequester'd grove,
 Them, and the Ark, to keep inviolate."

He finish'd, and Amen was scarce pronounc'd
 To Noah's pray'r, e'er, from the eastern sky,
 On which the night advanc'd, with fable weeds,
 Bright corruscations visibly anounc'd
 Gracious acceptance, of the Patriarch's pray'r;
 They saw, and straight their faces veiling, bow'd
 With adoration, prostrate to the earth,
 Then to the tent withdrew to their repast;
 Wine and the first-fruit cake, bak'd on the hearth
 And unfermented—Noah in the act
 Of breaking, blest'd it, each a portion broke,
 And of the grace-cup, in like manner blest'd,
 All drank in course — Such was the custom old:
 Mechizedec, a Priest of the Most High,
 Observ'd it, bringing forth both bread and wine,
 When he the father of the faithful blest'd,
 Who gave him tythes of all, and own'd the power

Of

Of that perpetual Priesthood, which the LORD
 Reviv'd, in plenitude of every right
 Divine and human, when he blest'd the bread,
 And having broken, gave it and the cup
 To his disciples, with a solemn charge,
 Under those symbols, to commemorate
 His dying love—They, breaking bread, maintain'd
 Their testimony, frequent, with the blood
 Of martyrs seal'd, and wrestling with the pow'rs
 Of darkness, triumph'd o'er the Heathen world.

Their supper ended, with due thanks ascrib'd
 To the all-gracious Donor, for his gifts,
 The Patriarch thus, his family address'd,
 Children, our ancestors, from earliest times,
 Blessing the cake, have broken it—The wine
 Thus, to each other they have handed round,
 In token, that mankind alike partake
 Of the Creator's bounty, manifest
 In ev'ry thing provided for our use;
 But chief in daily bread, our staff of life,

And

And gen'rous wine the chearer of our hearts ;
 Whether by labour, on the ark deprefs'd,
 Or in the tillage of the earth employ'd,
 To root up thorns and worthless weeds, the fruit
 Of disobedience—But we firmly hope
 From this our daily toil, to be releas'd,
 When He appears on earth, of woman born
 The Serpent-bruifer, who, in time to come,
 Will make these symbols more significant
 Of that redemption, from our fallen state,
 Which, from the word of promise we expect.

He paws'd—Then said, perhaps you may inquire,
 How, from the state of his first happiness
 Man could so far decline—Tradition old,
 From our forefathers times, the fatal change
 Has in expressive symbols, handed down ;
 Where nakedness, of shame unconscious, means
 That innocence, which we may yet discern
 In little children, prior to a sense
 Of good or evil, till their reas'ning powers

E

Are

Are formed for action, by those objects round,
 Which strike upon the faculties of sense;
 Ideas hence are in the mem'ry stor'd,
 Upon occasion to be reproduc'd,
 Simple or complex, and conclusions form'd,
 To judge of the event, before we act.
 Such faculties, tho' perfect and acute
 In the first pair, from whence we all proceed,
 Were in their offices, subordinate.
 To heav'nly impulses, resembling most,
 That instinct, which the animals directs,
 By shortest methods, to attain the ends
 Of their existence — Man, a higher rank
 Holds, in the scale of Being, to connect
 This lower world with that where Angels live.
 At times with us conversant — He, like them,
 With intellectual faculties, endow'd,
 Can reason, and realities of things
 Distinguish well, from fallacies of sense;
 But reas'ning pow'rs, before they can be form'd,

On sensual objects must be exercis'd;
 And may degen'rate from their proper use,
 To favour most the blandishments of sense,
 Tempting us by some present transient good
 To acts, which in their consequence produce
 Evils unthought of, grievous to be borne :
 Hence, from the still small voice, now seldom heard,
 Our parents had receiv'd a solemn charge
 To keep their sensual appetites restrain'd
 In due subjection; lest a fatal change
 Ensuing, they should lose their pristine state
 Of happiness, in child-like innocence,
 And wanting the Divine direction, know
 Sin, sorrow, care, and toil, with death at last,
 By eating from the interdicted tree
 Knowledge of Good and Evil, fatal fruit !
 Which Adam's weaker part, and then himself,
 Fond of forbidden knowledge, plucked and eat,
 Seduced by selfish, sensual appetite,
 Well, by the serpent's cunning, symboliz'd,

Prone on the belly, horrible to sight,
 He coils his head within his scaly folds,
 Infidious, on the path, or in the brake,
 Lurking, unwary passengers to sting.
 So sin first entered in, whose deadly sting
 Makes mortals often smart for their misdeeds;
 And shame, till then unknown, which hides its
 guilt,

With subterfuges weak, like the first pair,
 Who fig-leaves sew'd, their nakedness to hide
 From the All-seeing Eye—contrivance vain.
 Such the effect of knowledge, best unknown
 For them and us, now subject to the curse,
 And those enormous evils which have fill'd
 The earth with violence, for Judgment ripe.

Attention held them mute, while thus he spoke,
 When Jemimah, to Shem but late espous'd,
 Who on his bosom lay, and with him broke
 The bread by Noah blest'd, with timid voice,
 Half fearing to offend, made this reply.

“ Respected

" Respected Father, of my much-loved Lord,
 And these few faithful — few we are indeed,
 Nor strong enough in faith, to persevere
 Amidst a race, to iniquity fold,
 Without thy documents — Well have we heard
 The maxims of the wise, by thee explain'd ;
 Farther I ask not — 'Tis enough to know
 How fatal curiosity seduced
 Our gen'ral Mother, and produc'd our woe;
 Hopeless of comfort, did we not expect
 That the ALL-GRACIOUS, yet, for us will raise
 A serpent-bruifer, of the woman's seed.
 Previous to my espousal, on a time,
 I heard, or thought I heard, the still-small voice,
 Then in a state, not well to be describ'd,
 Out of my self, as on a sudden, rap'd
 To an assemblage of those spirits pure,
 Which pay us visits, in the human form,
 Our faith to strengthen, and resolve our doubts;
 Around me, they a circle forming, danced

In

In wond'rous measures, intricate beyond
 The many windings of our sacred grove;
 Like children playful, pair'd of either sex,
 And naked all, save that about their wastes
 Each had a cincture, form'd of flow'ry wreaths,
 With foliage mix'd, which covered half their thighs,
 And, from the wreaths, there went a flow'ry band,
 Each pair uniting, loosely link'd—Their sport
 They still pursu'd, and up to where I sat
 Danc'd on, till one, more graceful than the rest,
 Of female form, advanc'd, and on my lap
 A little infant laid, of loveliness
 Ineffable—It smil'd, and fondling clung
 Close to my breast, I clasp'd it in my arms,
 When all at once, the dancers disappear'd,
 And left me with the infant on my lap,
 Then sitting, as it seem'd, in that same tent
 Which Shem, for our espousals, had prepar'd;
 On which, the tent and cords, stretch'd out a length
 Immenfurable, like the azure sky,

Thick

Thick strewn with brilliant stars, while people
 throng'd, mid all the noise, and sweet yam
 Countless as them, till they had fill'd the tent,
 These, were by Shem and Japhet introduc'd,
 And prostrate round upon their faces fell
 The babe to worship, when it from my lap
 Was caught to Heav'n; and I, as from a dream
 Came to myself—sole sitting in the tent.

Daughter, said Noah, this might be a dream
 The play of fancy—But, it bears the marks
 Of heavenly visions, such were often seen
 In former times, when men held intercourse
 With Angels frequent, and that child-like dance,
 Betokens, from the heav'n of innocence
 That vision came—The pairs, of either sex,
 With flow'ry bandage loosely link'd, import
 Conjugal love, which from that heav'n descends;
 That lovely babe, they plac'd upon thy lap,
 May signify, that through the line of Shem,
 The Serpent-bruifer, will in time, be born,

Who

Who Japhet's line shall bless, and of his stock
 Many receive, when God hath him enlarg'd ;
 The infant caught to heav'n, denotes, mankind
 Unworthy of his presence, when he comes,
 Whom we expect, but for a little time,
 Here to be manifested, and withdrawn,
 Till men, in truth, shall call upon the Lord,
 And worship him, as in the days of Seth.

Ham's countenance, was with a gloom o'ercast,
 While Noah spoke—He labour'd on the ark,
 More than the other brethren, and observ'd
 With punctuality, most scrupulous,
 The patriarchal rituals—Hence he deem'd
 More, in proportion, to his merits due,
 Than either Shem or Japhet, on the watch
 Frequent, to find out faults, if they relax'd
 Their labour, on the ark, or e'er appear'd.
 Less zealous in observance of the forms
 Their ritual prescrib'd, nor fail'd at times,

With

With pharisaic founness, to reprove
Them, or his Sire, in what he thought amiss.

Father, he said, shall a weak woman's dream
Be so interpreted, that all my care
The patriarchal customs to observe,
And my continual labour, on the ark,
Should be o'er look'd, while Shem and Japhet's lines
O'er mine must be preferr'd—This questionless
His justice would impeach, who ev'ry work,
Proportion'd, to its merit, should reward.
Or can the Judge of all the earth do wrong?
Partial, to favour them, and me o'erlook,
My zeal in worship, which was ne'er relax'd,
My resolution, when it first declin'd,
Evil to check, before it reach'd its height,
Compelling all, our rituals to observe,
Nor lost the time, in building that hugh ark,
Now with destruction menac'd, which we few,
From wicked men, have little chance to save.

F

Son,

Son, said his father—The All-wise is just,
 Nor will o'er look thy labour, and thy zeal
 For due observance of the antient rites,
 Daily evinc'd—But, from his secret place,
 Well he discerns, and weighs, with even scale,
 In all our doings, not so much the acts,
 As the intentions, which produce our works,
 And qualify them, known to Him alone :
 These, ev'ry series of His Providence,
 Regards as present, and of things to come
 Forewarns us, as he did in former times
 Our fathers ; who in heavenly visions saw
 His secret counsels, which no other way
 Could be revealed — Thus, I was inform'd
 Of the approaching Deluge, with a charge
 To build the ark, in longitude and breadth,
 Exactly to the pattern, which I saw,
 Then in a trance, upon the sacred mount ;
 Nor doubt, but Providence will now protect
 The ark we built, exactly to the plan.

Thy sister's heavenly vision, lately seen,
 Our faith should strengthen, and our hopes revive,
 If ever needful, necessary now;
 Indulge not then despondency — Beware
 With all thy zeal, lest Envy, evil-eyed,
 Move thee against thy brethren, till perchance
 The old seducer, as he tempted Cain,
 Urge thee to mischief — Was not Cain, like thee,
 A strict observer of the sacred rites?
 Alike, he brought his sacrifice, alike
 With Abel worshipp'd — God, who saw his heart
 Canker'd with envy, by a wind from Heav'n
 Puff'd back the smoke, which from his off'ring rose,
 With noisome stench, while Abel's, like perfume,
 Rose with acceptance, to his holy place;
 Hence we perceive mere rituals alone,
 If love of brotherhood is not conjoin'd,
 Of small importance — Thy mistaken zeal
 Might have made hypocrites, who had e'er this
 Prophan'd our sacred place, and the remains

Of patriarchal worship, yet preserv'd
In this retreat, to impious men unknown.

So saying, he with benediction mild,
Dismiss'd them, each retiring to their rest.
Mean while, the bow'r of revelry receiv'd
Those rioters, a Bacchanalian crew;
Males with their females mix'd, as chance or choice,
Capricious of the moment, had them pair'd,
No order regular, of planted trees,
Could here be trac'd, the whole in clumps dispos'd,
For wanton dalliance fit, no rays of light
Pervaded them, when thither they withdrew;
Yet lights they had, which distant each from each,
Made things just visible, their deeds obscene
No more requir'd — — Around each clump were seats
Of tabernacle work, where branch with branch
Was interwoven, whence the upright shoots
Canopy'd over head, the various seats;
The mantling vine luxuriant, crept among
The foliage, whence thick clust'ring grapes, full ripe,

Hung ready to be press'd, as on the seats
 They rang'd themselves, and of a feast partook;
 Venison, in the rankest season caught,
 And of the blood undrain'd, with rancid brawn,
 Tainted by southern gales, and barbecu'd
 To please these Epicures, had been prepar'd
 By women, subject to their petulance,
 Who ev'ry kind of drudgery perform'd ;
 Nor blows escap'd, if they in aught displeas'd
 Their lordly tyrants — With provocatives,
 High season'd, was the meat, to please their tastes,
 Grown callous, and with frequent surfeits pall'd ;
 Bread with strong ferment puff'd, and wine new-
 press'd

For their carousal, was in flaggons set,
 Of antique form, emboss'd with quaint device,
 Symbols of cruel import. — Rav'ning beasts
 Grinn'd horribly, and birds of prey in act
 Rapacious — In the wine which they had serv'd
 The women, who where most in simples skill'd,

And

And potent drugs, strong philtres had infus'd,
 That from their paramours, in the debauch,
 A momentary kindness might extort;
 More they expected not, when all had lost
 That condescension, to the weaker sex,
 Which common sense requires, from ev'ry man,
 Of woman born, nor ceases, if his mind,
 By ill examples has not been debauch'd,
 But, in a state of puberty, excites
 Both sexes to an union, in the state
 Of holy wedlock, which alone ensures
 Permanence, to enjoyment, and to love
 Adds friendship, by their mutual offices
 Consolidated, which grows more refin'd
 As the joint care of children is in age
 Rewarded by respect and filial love
 To parents, while parental fondness grows
 Stronger, as its decendants more encrease:
 Such happiness, to which the softer sex,
 Would still aspire, till rob'd by debauchees,

Of Innocence, the women of that age,
 In vain expected, to the wild caprice
 Of brutal lust enslav'd — Their daily task
 To please these Ruffians, while they sigh'd in vain
 For better times, like bond-slaves forc'd to drudge
 Under the yoke, and hopeless of release.

Their tyrants soon, with what they had prepar'd
 Full gorg'd, the grape's intoxicating juice
 Drain'd from the flaggons, most enormous draughts ;
 From skulls of rivals slain, their wassail bowls,
 The Giant brood, in strife, potations swill'd
 To shew their might, and brag'd of their exploits
 In narrative loquacious ; then display'd
 Spoils of their enemies, whose hairy scalps,
 Torn from the forehead to the nape, they wore,
 And shook disdainfully, with menac'd looks,
 If any of their manhood seem'd to doubt.
 Catches, and songs obscene, the while were troll'd,
 To harps and viols, and the syrinx shrill ;
 With antic dances, run in measure wild

And

And postures lewd, to each loose wish, and act
 Prelusive — When intoxicating fumes
 And drunken brawls their merry revels damp'd
 With altercation loud, while each would seize
 Another's female—Words ensu'd and blows
 Instant their bows they bent, and arrows flew
 Alternate—Many fell on either side,
 Champions esteem'd, whose rivals bore away
 The women, as their prize for whom they fought,
 Loud shrieking o'er the slain, and forc'd away
 With hair dishevell'd, to compression rude,

Thus pass'd the night, in revels and in brawls,
 Then stretch'd at length they lay, till some dos'd off
 Their late debauch, and saw, with much surprize,
 When they awoke, the many round them slain,
 Among the champions of impiety,
 Esteem'd as bosom friends, and most resolv'd,
 Of those who had agreed to burn the ark;
 They saw, and half asham'd, to put the threat
 In execution, slumber'd out the day.

But

But safely shrouded, in the sacred grove,
 The patriarch, chosen for a second stock,
 From whence the families of men should branch,
 During the night, had taken his repose,
 And when the early lark, his morn'g song
 Tow'ring to heaven, attun'd, he prostrate fell
 Before the altar, pouring out in pray'r,
 His spirit, inly vex'd, for blasphemies,
 Utter'd by those prophane, whose nightly brawls
 Had pierc'd his ears — When, from the altar near,
 A still small voice, in words distinctly heard,
 Charg'd him, with speed, the entrance of the ark,
 To open, that the animals reserv'd
 Of every species, to keep up the kinds,
 Might have admittance, to be there shut in,
 With him, his sons, and their respective wives,
 Before the rain set in, and with a flood
 Should cover all the surface of the earth.

He worshipp'd, and repairing to the ark,
 Found all the animals were ready class'd,

G

Males

Males and their females — Beasts, of bulk or prey ;
 Those of domestic use, familiariz'd
 To crib and manger, others that run wild
 On mountain, hill or dale, and crop the herb,
 Or range the wood, or burrough in the earth ;
 These after Noah, and the destin'd few,
 His family, who were to be preserv'd,
 Of human kind, to the three-story'd ark,
 Ascended two by two, along the slopes,
 Which from the earth, up to the stories led ;
 Reptiles crawl'd after, and, upon the wing,
 Clean, or unclean, the fowls of every kind
 Enter'd ; mean while, by Noah and his sons,
 These with convenient order, were dispos'd
 In the receptacles, for each prepar'd ;
 With food for all at hand, in plenty stor'd.

Due distribution made of this, to each,
 Noah drew up the slope-way to the ark,
 By which they enter'd, and before he clos'd
 The only door, which either entrance gave,

Or egrefs outward, fighing he survey'd
That world for wickednefs of human race
Ripe for destruction, and made faft the door.

By this, the fons of riot had flept out
The night's debauch, perfifting in their threats,
To burn the ark, and in diforder'd groups,
Crouding around it, heaps of fuel fir'd,
Which they, for that intent, had previous pil'd ;
Seen with vociferation loud, the fire
Kindled the heaps—Some hurl'd the lighted brands
Flaming againft the ark, which newly pitch'd,
Began to fmoke, emitting here and there
Blue flames ; but foon in turbid fmoke fuffus'd
Thefe difappear'd, becaufe the flaming brands
Adher'd not, till the force of fire attain'd
A thorough maffery of the timber'd fides :
Others, obferving this, upon the ark,
Arrows with firebrands fhot—The Nephlim,
From their long-bows, difcharg'd them with fuch force,
That deep funk in the timbers, theirs adher'd,

And flames broke out, which might have soon
consum'd

The object of their rage, while horrid shouts
Proclaim'd their triumph, now esteem'd compleat.

That instant, from the cataracts of heav'n,
Water descending, quench'd the rising flames,
Clouds burst, and previous to the deluge, pour'd
Whole sheets of water, on their impious heads,
The fountains of the great abyfs boil'd up,
To meet the waters, which the firmament
Pour'd down impetuous forty days and nights
Unintermitting — Thunder long and loud
To those abandon'd reprobates proclaim'd
Their final doom, and livid lightning lanc'd
Convinc'd them their attempt to burn the ark
Heav'n's wrath had kindled — Harden'd in their crimes,
They yet persisted, till the ark buoy'd up,
Was moving on the waters — Some inclos'd
In these sunk instant — Part upon the land
Went down, where the abyfs beneath them yawn'd

The waters still increasing, to the hills
 Some fled, with billowing surges, at the heels
 Close follow'd, others, as their last resource,
 Climb'd the tall trees, mean while the giant crew
 Retreated slow, in bravery of heaven,
 Wading the water, till it had surpass'd
 Their height—Then sunk, blaspheming to the last.

Nor ceas'd they to exist, howe'er they deem'd
 Their essences, upon the body's death
 Would be extinct, though nature ever loathes
 Annihilation, and the shocking thought
 As an absurdity, from human minds
 Ev'n in the act of Suicide expells.
 But while their lifeless carcases cast up
 Floated upon the waters, till the flood
 Decreasing, left them putrid, in the mire,
 Their Spirits, through the gulph of the Abyss,
 Sunk to the lowest depths of Tartarus;
 In chains of darkness there to be reserv'd
 Against their future judgment, when the Lord

Descending

Descending there, the banner of his Cross
 Display'd, and to those Reprobates proclaim'd,
 His final triumph over Death and Hell;
 Up into light, the witness of their shame,
 His captives dragg'd, in adamant chains;
 Infernal Potentates, who had assum'd
 Dominion, Principality, and Pow'r;
 Successive Anarchy of mad misrule,
 In those abodes, whence order is exil'd,
 And each oppressing, is in turn oppress'd.



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AS the Subscribers to this Publication may have amused themselves with the study or practice of Agriculture, the Author submits the annexed Poetical Essay upon that subject to their candid judgment.

What imperfections it may have (as no human production is free from faults) these are not owing to haste in composition, or a want of frequent revision, under the correction of that judicious and learned Clergyman to whom it is inscribed; inasmuch, that the conditions have been almost literally attended to, which Horace required in the following passages—

Si quid tamen olim scripseris——

Nonumque prematur in annum——

Delere licebit quod non edideris: nescit

Vox missa reverti.

De Arte Poetica.

Upon the whole, this Essay might have been overlooked in a small publication, which has now a fair chance of being preserved, and even read, by such Subscribers as have a taste for the subject.

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10

GEORGICS;

IN

TWO PARTS;

POETICAL ESSAY

ON

AGRICULTURE.

INSCRIBED

TO THE

REVEREND JOSEPH HARRISON,

of INCE,

AND MASTER OF FRODSHAM SCHOOL,

CHESHIRE.

GEORGE

TWO



GEORGICS :

PART THE FIRST.

WHAT culture best makes bounteous Ceres
bend

Full-ear'd upon the tilth, and rise again

By the elastic stem, like waving reeds

Which rooted in the ouze, and half immers'd

In water, brave the force of wind or rain ;

And of the chieftest meliorating bulbs

Suited for early use, or winter store ;

Their proper management and tendency

To fit the soil for other crops, I sing.

Pastor of Inys, whence in former times

The cloister'd monk, with abby state o'erlook'd

A 2

That

That Æstuary, once a sea, and thence
 The Mersey call'd—O deign to hear, as erst
 Propitious—Whether on that charge employ'd
 To feed the flock and keep the wolves at bay,
 Now more than ever leagu'd to storm the fold :
 Or in the yet more arduous task employ'd
 To root out thorns and brambles, which o'errun
 The fields of science, by a well-judg'd course
 Of lectures, with a lib'ral discipline,
 Which to ingenious youth communicates
 The languages, without that pedantry
 Yet patroniz'd in modern schools—The dregs
 Unpurify'd, of Gothic ignorance.

Whoe'er thou art, yet subject to the curse
 Pronounc'd on man's transgression, to acquire
 With toil and sweat, thy daily sustenance
 From agriculture—Thou the honour'd lists
 May'st enter, in pursuit of honest fame,
 To win a prize more noble than the meed
 Olympic; laurels, on the victor's brow

Wither

Wither as soon as worn : but he who gains
 The prize in competition here, transmits
 To future time the fame he has acquir'd,
 By lasting trophies of his skill and toil,
 The medal, or the massy cup, inscrib'd
 With high encomiums, for the well-cropp'd field
 In emblematic sculpture symboliz'd,
 Or legend terse—from the free suffrage gain'd
 Of citizens, well qualify'd to judge.

Emulous, for this prize, wouldst thou contend,
 Whether constrain'd to occupy a farm
 Rack-rented, or if yet a term remains
 Of tenement, with heavy fines renew'd
 Upon the falling lease. Or dost thou hold
 Paternal fields, by inclination led,
 Of rural leisure fond, as genius prompts,
 To till thy own demesnes? Consider well—
 What various circumstances may affect
 The end thou hast in view, thro' ev'ry course
 Of agriculture: Nor improvident

The

The means neglect, in any case, to guard
 Against contingencies. Slight no new hint
 Merely as novel, if it shall hold forth
 Utility; but bring it to the test
 Of practice, on a scale, which to thy means
 And to thy rank in life proportion bears.
 For projects thought ridiculous have gain'd
 The sanction of experience, and enrich'd
 Adventurers, although too many times
 The first projector (such the common lot
 Of Genius) to oblivion is consign'd.
 But thou, be cautious, nor too rash engage
 In each new project, whose inventor dreams
 Of mines Peruvian, like Alchymist poor;
 Nor heighten, I entreat thee, by contempt,
 His wretchedness, but on the waters cast
 Thy bread—and to supply his farther wants,
 Give from the store, which Providence has lent.
 In the new husbandry, while reason prompts
 To slight no hints worth notice—so much more

She

She warrants thee to practise and retain
 That course of former tillage which has gain'd
 The gen'ral suffrage—What plain common sense
 Has sanction'd, well deserves to be pursued.
 The ground for wheat was fallow'd heretofore
 With gen'ral approbation, nor the mode
 Had then obtain'd, with meliorating crops
 To bring the tilth in order—Nor the fruits
 Would then have found a market—Modern times
 Have chang'd the practice, on the vast demand
 Of corn, for exports, and the great increase
 Of population, in these present times.
 Once, steers slow moving, to the plow were yok'd,
 First of the fellow lab'ers with mankind;
 Now pamper'd luxury, and trade increas'd,
 Require an increase of the gen'rous breeds.
 Some for their matches at Newmarket train
 Fleet racers, fam'd at Meetings round—With these
 Some cross the strain, and furnish for the chase
 Hunters, of mettle fam'd, and fit to mount

Bold

Bold partizans, or light arm'd troops, in war
 Excursive; whether to begin the fight,
 Or hang, insulting, when a foe retreats,
 On his disorder'd rear: Others are bred
 Thro' deep trench'd roads to run the rapid chaise
 Retain'd for State, some foaming champ the bits,
 Pair'd to the coach, or Phæton high hung,
 With badge of rank and boasted ancestry
 Claim'd by the owner, Commoner or Peer,
 In hieroglyphic heraldry emblaz'd.
 These, whether waiting at the vestibule
 Of some gay villa, or a palace grand,
 Full fed, and snorting, frequent beat the ground,
 Or at the slightest signal from the scourge,
 The stately vehicles impetuous whirl
 Along smooth lawns, or thro' the streets parade.
 These, with the heavy horses bred for draught,
 And all the intermediate kinds, require
 Fodder immense, and corn for their support,
 The exports too of grain, by bounties forc'd,

And

And barley in the breweries consum'd,
 With wheat of finest quality reduc'd
 To powder, or prepar'd for household use,
 All heighten the consumption, and engage
 Thy chief attention, either to contend
 With rivals in the market—or the prize
 To win, awarded for the best grown crop.

For this prepare the ground, and studious mark
 The nature of thy soil; the rich is best
 If not too loose; the dense will better bear
 A course of tillage, and with int'rest pay
 The toil and cost expended, in a crop:
 Whether thou first would'st reap of hardy oats
 A harvest, previous to the foodful Bulb
 Peruvian, from the native Indian word
 Battatœ nam'd, that substitute for bread
 To the industrious poor; or if this Bulb
 Is planted first of all, to bring the tilth
 In order for thy wheat: the ground first plow'd
 Needs less manure, then let the precious heap

B

Lie

Lie still to ferment ; scatter thin at least
 If aught is spread, but cherish worn-out land,
 So shall thy farm's rich hoard be wisely spent,
 Nor grudge to give some fields when need requires
 A double portion ; equal to the loan
 Shall be the produce, while replenish'd stalls
 Still add to thy accumulating heaps.

If for domestic use, the foodful Bulb
 Precedes thy crop of wheat, for this prefer
 Fresh ground, affording more nutritious salts ;
 The produce thence, is of a better zest,
 And firmer, fit to keep for winter store.
 Hast thou a field, whose easy slope inclines
 With aspect to the southern sun expos'd,
 Long pastur'd, so that scarce a trace remains
 Of former tillage ? Such a field in time
 Grows mossy, and demands the trenching plow ;
 Here, the short grass but just shoots thro' the turf,
 Mild rain and gleams of sunshine, here, push up
 The fungus esculent, with other kinds

Of juice narcotic ; here no rushes rise
 In clumps like marshall'd spears, nor couch-grass
 roams,

But native trefoil-flow'rs and daisies py'd,
 Chequer the verdure ; whence the early lark
 Springs to his maddin song, and soaring sings
 His descant, wild as nature prompts, in mood
 Simple, yet modulated to express
 For his true mate, who tends her callow young,
 Affection conjugal, and gratitude
 To the All-feeder:—Out of sight he soars,
 Then from his tow'ring height on flutt'ring wings
 Descends, alternate warbling, with chang'd notes,
 In a m'rous trill, responsive to his mate,
 He drops, with pinions close-clapt to his breast,
 Her care dividing, while they feed their young,
 Then crops for his repast the trefoil leaves
 With dew besprent. Here let thy teams employ'd
 Turn up the soil, and bury underneath
 The herbage, which o'ergrown with matted turf,

Cover'd the virgin mold : If this be rich
 In vegetable earth, thy trenching share
 May cut a deeper furrow, and demands
 A steady hand, lest thou the hungry grit
 Bring up, which lurks beneath, of particles
 Feruginous, with other strata, mix'd
 Of grey, or yellow sand, the certain bane
 To future vegetation. On thy lands
 May nought of this appear ; not orphans more
 Can suffer from a barren step-dame's hate,
 Than thy young hopes from such a steril bed.

Lay all the ridges to the slope inclin'd ;
 And, while the season serves urge on thy steeds,
 If those are sluggish, let the scourge be ply'd,
 Though sweat hangs foamy on their shining coats ;
 Their daily task is but the tribute paid,
 Jointly with man, to mother earth, for fruits
 Ravish'd by toil, from her all-teeming womb ;
 And man, who cares for all, the use of all
 Demands ; The stall for cattle he provides

And

And summer's store ; for winter months reserves
 Till genial spring returns—Thus Providence,
 In God's just dispensations, makes the great
 Subservient to the least—Remember this,
 And for thy stock provide, which to neglect
 Is cruelty, and tends to certain loss ;
 Nor ever leave thy steeds too long expos'd
 To wind and chilling rain upon the lands,
 When overheated, from their heaving flanks
 Exudeing vapours steam ; but if the plow
 Stands still, let them be shelter'd in the shed
 Which shrouds thee from the show'r, or sudden squall ;
 Or if the sky portends continuing rain,
 Lead them, in time, to the well fodder'd stall.

The soil thus turn'd, may lie to meliorate
 During bleak winter months, for new-plow'd ground
 Acts like a magnet, powerful to attract
 Celestial influences, while the air
 Its nitrous stores returns upon the earth
 Whence they exhal'd ; and much more so, if snow

Falls,

Falls, fleecy, or the hoary frost at morn,
 Hangs on the shrubb'ries, and the herbage crisps;
 While all-benumbing cold to ice congeals
 The mass, once fluid, and of sluggish clods
 Breaks the cohesion : thus the mellow soil
 Is for the following seed-time well prepar'd.

When now thy tilth, by vernal zephyrs fann'd
 Ferments, the vap'rous steams begin to warm
 Th' all-nursing mother's lap ; She, by the breath
 Of tepid air made fertile, now receives
 Every deposit, to her charge consign'd,
 Roots, seeds, or offsets, all of them increas'd
 To an immensity, which mocks the pow'r
 Of calculation : yet they all are mark'd
 With characters, where those that run may read
 The pow'r and goodness of Almighty God,
 Known, and ador'd, by minds intelligent,
 To trace his wisdom in his wond'rous works.

In lands thus mellow'd for the foodful bulb
 Now plant thy sets, of all the noted kinds

Thou

Thou hast thy choice — Whether for summer use
 Or winter store : none earlier than the dwarfs,
 At Ince in Cheshire rais'd, for summer use
 Pre-eminent, if Time, which all things tries,
 Stamps on their character a permanence ;
 For none are sooner to the market brought,
 When for the produce, Luxury bids high ;
 Nor this alone they give a second crop,
 And in thy garden may deserve a plot,
 By way of trial—But to plant thy field
 For summer use, the well-known early dwarfs,
 Ruddy or white, in competition strive
 For the pre-eminence, while neither yields
 The prize contested ; some prefer to these,
 That genuine Spanish breed of the true bulb
 Indigenous, and early in its growth
 The flat white kidney—Golden ruffets, serve
 For either purpose, early, these unearth'd,
 Prove well for present use, and likewise give
 Good store for winter—Of the later kinds

Chuse

Chuse ruffets, pale or dun; the golden tag,
 The winter white, smooth-coated, or the breeds
 Hibernian, dun and blewit: But the best
 Are hardy English reds, on which our fires
 Made frugal meals, when the firloin and chine,
 With rosemary and bay-tree twigs struck round,
 Were standing dishes at the mansion-house;
 And merry in the hall, with Christmas cheer,
 The tenants were regal'd, and jokes went round,
 While all were welcome — Hardy English reds
 Bear moisture best, strong-coated to withstand
 Cold damps and chilling frost. The Lincoln white,
 Large, and well flavour'd, after these is class'd.
 The Howard, and ox-noble, give increase
 Amazingly, in produce and in bulk
 And many times, when others fail may serve
 For household use, of wholesome nutriment,
 And though to feed the cattle chiefly rais'd,
 The mealy bulbs will ne'er disgrace thy board.

Which

Which of these kinds soever thou shalt choose
 For planting, let the bulb be firm of flesh
 And fully ripen'd; whether early sorts
 Or later; but the breeds new rais'd suspect,
 Till long experience recommends their use;
 Let others try them, howsoever fam'd
 For specious qualities, or produce vast;
 May ne'er their pompous titles thee seduce,
 Lest thou experience, in a sickning germ
 Or crumpled leaf, that blast of all thy hopes
 The curl; which if it once be introduc'd,
 Infectious, o'er a whole plantation spreads:
 The plants then languish, from a healthy green
 To dingy yellow chang'd, the sickening leaves
 Furnish a shelter for voracious tribes,
 Which 'scape thy observation, till the eye
 Through apparatus microscopic views
 Their ravage; shrouded by the crumpled leaves
 From each attack, of sun, frost, wind, and rain,
 The tender plants they puncture, which shrink up,

Like those surprizing leaves, that from the touch
 As sensitive withdraw : So with the darts
 Of these devourers pierc'd, the leaves contract;
 Thenceforth the nidus of increasing swarms,
 That of its juice nutritious drain the plant ;
 Where'er the meshy fibres branch each way,
 Inosculating ; thence they suck the sap
 From earth imbib'd, or from the atmosphere,
 To nurse the forming bulb's first rudiments ;
 Nor does their ravage spare those fine canals
 Whereby the leaves, in healthy plants exude
 Redundant moisture, till the bulbs are set.
 Not so the leaves, whenever they are curl'd,
 Perform their functions, hence the produce fails ;
 Less nutritive by far — May never such
 Smoke on thy board ; their vapid sweet disgusts,
 Unlike the relish of the well-grown bulb,

The cause of this disorder, hitherto
 Not well assign'd, may warrant us to risque
 Conjectures. In the early kinds perhaps

A mucilage too watry, makes the sets
 Turn mouldy, e'er the radicle uncoils;
 That vital principle, and rudiment
 Of future vegetation: This may draw
 For nutriment, a juice, already charg'd
 With animacules, which have lodg'd their sperm
 And their exeuviae, on the mouldy fet.
 There, on its pulpy substance they may feed,
 Defiling what they leave, until the pest
 Spreads rapid o'er the plants, both root and germ
 Alike infected; haply in the eyes,
 Before the sets were planted, there might lodge
 The spawn of former swarms, which lurking there,
 Taints what it touches; or the earth receiv'd
 Thy weeping set, fresh cut, before it shrank
 In open air, and cicatriz'd the wound
 With gum inspissate, of its native juice
 Concenter'd, till more vig'rous it might push
 The vegetable process, to that point
 Nature best indicates; thou see'st the eyes

Keep

Keep shooting, uncommitted, to the ground ;
 Suppose, e'er set, thou suffer them to form
 The germ and radicle, in act to draw
 Fresh nutriment : Then to the mother give
 Her tender nurslings, ready for the breast.

To guard against the worst, procure thy sets
 From ground in nature good, not over till'd,
 Nor forc'd too much with compost. Thou thyself
 Inspect the produce, or thy trusted friend
 Commission. Let them dry upon the lands,
 Or hous'd in good condition, to the air
 Expose them ; nor those farmers imitate,
 Who cover up in haste, the heap yet crude,
 Fresh air excluding, till the mass heaves up
 Fermenting, and as quick subsides ; unfit
 For vegetation. Sets will answer best
 If from a distance brought, whate'er the kinds :
 Changes of situation, air, and soil
 Favour their growth ; for plants degenerate most
 When stationary : Hence the frequent use

Of seed exchang'd, whence neighb'ring districts
draw

Mutual advantages; for diff'rent salts

The various plants attract, and leave the soil

Full charg'd with salts, much more assimilate

To others. Hence the seed, last introduc'd,

Best multiplies, till this in turn exhausts

The proper particles, which it absorb'd.

Thus 'tis observ'd, that colonies new form'd,

In wealth and population, far surpass

The natives, to their fastnesses and woods

Thenceforth confin'd; till those last introduc'd

Like the first stock, degenerate in their turn.

If the mild season makes thy tender plants

Shoot kindly through the glebe; then let thy field

Be trench'd with care; and cover up with mold

What weeds are sprung; nor fear, the plants them-

selves

To cover; heap up soil, until thy lands

Slope ridgy to the trenches; give each trench

A depth

A deyth to drain off wet ; but raise not up
 The hungry gravel, pois'ning, on thy tilth,
 Whate'er it touches ; this will in each trench
 Serve best, redundant moisture to absorb,
 Till thy luxuriant plants begin to shade
 The ridges with green foliage, which excludes
 In sultry seasons, Sol's meridian rays,
 Avid to drain the moisture, which thy sets
 Now, more than ever, from the soil imbibe.

When thus they flourish, render grateful thanks
 To the ALL-WISE DISPOSER ; who may still
 Extend his blessings, all beneficent.
 'Tis thine, with daily toil to till the ground,
 But God must give the increase. Dost thou ask
 Yet fav'ring seasons, let thy heart and hand
 Be open ; not to such as craving, eat
 The bread of idleness ; but those that work,
 O'ercharged with num'rous families, and strive
 To make them useful citizens in life.
 These with thy store and influence assist,

Studious,

Studious, as all occasions serve, to find
 Employment for them. When rank weeds prevail
 Summon the needy neighbours to thy lands,
 And clear the weeds, before they drain the soil
 Of nourishment, which now thy thriving plants
 Seek with avidity. The poor-man's hire
 Is never ill bestow'd, which keeps thy land
 In proper order, for succeeding crops.
 Religion this has sanction'd ; this alike
 Sound policy. For want of due employ,
 The poor-man pines, dejected, and acquires
 Habits, to industry, and usefulness
 Averse ; the hope of independence fails,
 No spur to labour, nor the decent pride
 Which rather gives than asks, nor pallid Want,
 With her attendants, prompts him to provide
 Against contingencies : With folded arms,
 Supine he sits, or clamours for relief,
 Who with Employment, might have once o'ercome
 His difficulties. Rated on the list,

Heavy

Heavy upon thy farm he lies, by law
 Protected, like the useless drones, which suck
 Mellifluous sweets, for which they never toil,
 Till from the hive expell'd. But where he gains
 A final settlement (too many times
 Long litigated at a great expence)
 There he subsistence claims. No loud complaints
 Of rising rates, nor the rude insolence
 Of parish officers, him thence can chase:

When clear'd from noxious weeds, the plants
 fill up

The intermediate spaces on thy lands,
 Fear nothing, from that noxious swarm of flies,
 Which frequent on the tender foliage fix,
 Of other Bulbs, that meliorate the soil,
 Draining the germ of juices saccharine.
 Nor these devourers, nor the crawling tribes
 That feed on other herbage, will devour
 Thy plants of night-shade hue, and juice austere.
 No other ravage thou may'st apprehend,

But

But what the white snails depredating make :

These will attack thy plants, and nibble round

The leaves, at morn, or evening cool, when dew

Lies pearly on the grass, or summer rain

Falls drizzling; while the earth-worms, creeping forth,

Are half unburrough'd, to domestic fowls,

Roaming in quest of food, an easy prey,

With other reptiles, which on herbage feed.

But sudden blights may all thy labours blast;

Whether these happen early in the year,

From frost, or when the nipping East-winds lodge

Small insects, in the buds, when fruit-trees bloom;

Or when the summer heat, at times intense,

Exhales the sap too quick, to clammy sweet

Inspissate; or electric fire, from clouds,

Low riding, suddenly may rarify

The air contiguous to the plants, and burst

Their fibres, which the further process stops

Of vegetation. May thy hopeful crop

These dangers 'scape! So shall the gen'rous Bulbs

D

Drink

Drink freely of the summer rains, to plump
 Their stated bulk, until the ripen'd feed
 Compleats the process. Then both leaf and stalk
 Die gradual down, and shew the bulb is set.

Now try the crop; if this should leave the soil,
 Firm-coated, while to open air expos'd,
 The crumbling mold is quickly disengag'd,
 With all due expedition clear the lands;
 Let nothing, whensoever the season suits,
 This work retard; but keep the prongs employ'd,
 For rains may rot, and nipping frosts reduce
 The produce, to a worthless watery pulp,
 Though firm of texture once, and good in kind.
 Then clear the land; for now the ground for wheat
 Must be prepar'd. Nor fear to win a prize,
 When heav'n, indulgent, to thy honest hopes,
 Shall recompence thy toil with full-ear'd sheaves.

Thus far the Bulb is sung, brought by Raleigh
 From foreign climes, and propagated here,
 He, brooding o'er the insults, late receiv'd

From

From the Iberian fleet, reprisals made :

Then sailing southward, from the new-found Gulph

Of Mexico, Columbia's golden fleece

Sought inland, where the Oronoko flood

To the Atlantic, rolls her copious waves.

But disappointed of his warmest wish,

For want of pow'r, to dig the vein explor'd,

Which, solely was to royalty reserv'd.

He coasted northward, ent'ring with his ships

The bay of Chesapeak: where num'rous streams

Open to Commerce, an immense extent

Of inland navigation, up the course

Of Susquehanna, or the Potowmac,

With rapid rills, and tributary streams,

Fed from the continent. These up the bay

Indented, various æstuarys form,

From Baltimore, down to the verdant Capes

Virginian nam'd, from England's maiden Queen.

Here, in his turn, the Calumet of peace

He smoak'd, with friendly Indians; and the tube

Exhilarating, to his native land
 First introduc'd ; with wonder once beheld ;
 But soon familiariz'd, the grateful fumes
 Curl, like Sabeian odours, when they rise ;
 The leaves, reduc'd to tittilating dust,
 Fill up the total void of sense, when beaux
 Display the brilliant, or well-fancy'd box,
 While conversation yawns ; decripid age
 Oppress'd with rheum, a ready solace finds
 In the bland vapours, which importance give
 To politicians, and correct the fogs
 Of countries insular ; or Netherlands,
 Won from the watry waste ; The fumes no less
 Enliven fancy, grateful to the Bard ;
 Or the Collegian, when dispos'd to muse.

With these he chear'd the many tedious hours
 Of long imprisonment ; But thence releas'd
 To dig, like other slaves, the golden mine
 At Guiana, or fall to court intrigues
 The destin'd victim. Him Iberian wiles

There

There circumvented, rend'ring all the plan
 Abortive, to his own, and England's loss.
 Hence ev'ry effort vain, His enterprize
 The chief, desponding quits; yet in suspense,
 Whether to leave the coast at once, or wreak
 His vengeance meditated—When behold
 His country's guardian Genius, rose in view.
 Not then, as formerly, in fable weeds,
 With tresses discompos'd, and streaming eyes,
 Turn'd upward, to implore the help, Heav'n lent—
 And mark'd that interposing aid—By storms
 Dreadfully wasting; as when hurricanes
 Among the Carribees, mix sea and sky;
 Till the Armāda, deem'd invincible,
 Of Spanish Galliot, was at once dispers'd
 And wreck'd, on rocks and sands; Their vastness, huge,
 Seem'd like those Isles Archipelagian nam'd,
 Subject to Ottoman's despotic sway;
 Or, near Kamschatka, by the Rufs explor'd;
 Or the Ladrones, by sailors, from the mast

Descry'd,

Descry'd, when the Pacific, voyag'd o'er,
They there expect a respite from their toils.

For this returning thanks to Him who rules
The elements—Her fables she had chang'd
To robes cerulean—Known by leaves of oak
With acorns wreath'd, which grac'd her honour'd brow
On her long lance reclin'd—Her ample shield
Charg'd with well-won atchievements, symboliz'd
Her strength for self defence, and foreign claims.

She with a mother's fondness, then advanc'd
To chear her drooping son ; struck with the sight
He filial, thus, on bended knee exclaim'd.

And com'st thou, ever honour'd, to behold
Iberia's triumph, now but too compleat ?
I come, she said, thy manly soul to steel
Against the hour of tryal, and disclose
A mine, more precious, than the shining ore
By mortals coveted, of life at once
The bane and blessing ; but unsought by those
Who strive, like thee to scale the rugged steep

Where

Where Virtue sits sublime. The cumb'rous load
 Still weighs them down, and marks them for the spite
 Of Envy; the intrigues of court cabals;
 The butt of fawning sycophants, and prey
 Of licenc'd depredation, which can stretch
 The laws sharp talon to distress the good;
 And spare the bad; as thy experience past
 Can witness, while thy enemies at court
 Still persecute thee, by Iberia's hate
 Held forth, as evermore to peace averse.

But thou, my son, persist to steer the course
 By public spirit mark'd, nor mind the loss
 Of aught save honour, though a victim doom'd
 Thy life should pay the forfeit; home return;
 And of the Bulbs, here native, store reserve
 To plant on thy return, for future use;
 For these, howe'er unsightly, and austere,
 When well prepar'd, are much, as food, esteem'd,
 And will be more so, as the time draws near,
 When land advanc'd, with the unequal dole

Of

Of property, acquir'd by prosp'rous trade,
 And in the common course of things, transfer'd
 To worthless individuals, with the bribes
 In place and pension, or all-sapping gold,
 By foul Corruption gorg'd, will make each tax
 Lie heavy, on the requisites of life.
 If then, the poor-man's pittance is too scant,
 While an increasing offspring throngs his board ;
 These foodful Bulbs, a substitute for bread,
 His hire can purchase, or his toil may raise ;
 In time of dearth, his other staff of life.

So saying, from his eyes the mortal film
 She clear'd, and pointed out the produce rich,
 Which, newly rais'd, cast of the crumbling mold ;
 And howsoever rude, to outward sight,
 This, to his intellectual vision, glow'd
 All gold ; as when a vein of sparkling ore
 Shoots to the surface of some barren wild,
 Gleaming refulgent to the solar rays,
 And indicates a treasure hid beneath ;

Adventrous

Adventrous miners, who possession take,
 Follow the vein, and sometimes are enrich'd.
 So he the vegetable treasure seiz'd
 And stor'd it in his ships—Then home return'd,
 Resolv'd to bear what malice could inflict
 On his arrival, from court parasites ;
 That by this precious pledge he might evince
 How much he that ungrateful country lov'd,
 Which sacrific'd him to Iberia's hate.

End of Georgic 1st.

GEORGICS.

PART THE SECOND.

THIS other strain, O Muse, indulgent aid,
To friendship due: while studious we adapt
Fit numbers, to the rural pipe of reed,
In measure various. Me from toil relax'd,
With leisure free, as Genius prompts, to range,
Like the alchymist bee, where'er the bloom
Invites her, lighting here and there, to sip
From ev'ry flow'r that blows, nectarious sweets.
So roving, I delight, fresh flow'rs to cull,
Whether they grow upon Parnassian hills,
Or Classic ground; Whate'er the pleasing walks

Of science furnish, and what nature boon
Puts forth, in wilds, or cultivated lands.

Daughter of Industry, heav'n's choicest gift
To mortals, for their solace and support
In this abode terrestrial: Ceres hail!
The Muse; her flight up-born on fancy's wings,
Strong pinion'd, prosecutes; her fav'rite theme
Thee celebrating, from the source of good
Deducing thy decent; by fables old
But darkly shadow'd out, while men ador'd
The pow'rs of nature; nor the veil was drawn
Which hid, from nations, in the outer court,
The Holyest; where, upon his mercy-seat,
Jehovah sits enthron'd, between the wings
Of cherubims; that bear his rapid car,
Where'er he rides on mighty winds, involv'd
In thickest darkness, his pavilion; clouds:
Wide stretch'd beneath, and livid light'nings lanch'd
Heav'n's concave vast, and fiery battlements
Disclose. Then guilty mortals shrink aghast;

As when the Israelites, from Sinai, heard
 His law, which on transgressors death denounc'd ;
 Till HE, the bread of life, came down from heav'n,
 And fed us with his WORD, by daily bread,
 The staff of life, best symboliz'd, which men
 Procure by tillage, and their hopes commend
 To HIM' the Harvest's LORD—Howe'er they toil
 The increase may, without HIS blessing, fail.

Happy the husbandman, whose daily toils
 Are solac'd by reflecting that the grain
 He sows and reaps, a constant fund supplies
 Of meditation. Him no retrospects
 Discourage, while th' infeminated WORD,
 Grows to its increase, like the seed he sows.

Cherish thy ground for wheat, with rich manure,
 Little or none, the soil first broken up,
 Demanded, in proportion, so much more
 Give now, nor spare the well-fermented heap.
 Manure will nature's vegetable spring
 Recover, when it languishes, o'erspent.

This

This the cohesion breaks of sluggish clods,
 And warms thy tilth, disposing, underneath,
 The spongy turf, to moulder, compos'd
 To soil of richest kind, for future crops.

In season plow, and with thy harrow teeth,
 Breaking the stubborn clods, the ridges smooth;
 Nor thou this needful work too long defer.
 Then, as the seasons serve, thou canst not fail
 Of happy omens, when thy wheat is dropp'd.

The time for this, by observation best
 Is ascertain'd : Suppose it when the Sun
 Hastens from Libra, to the Scorpion sign;
 And lengthening nights above the shortening days
 Prepond'rate. This may be the middle mean,
 'Twixt both extremes; which he who would avoid,
 Other concurring signs, should duly mark
 By observation, to direct his choice.

Whatever stated period is assign'd
 By custom, mark how soon the waining year
 Has chang'd the foliage to a diff'rent hue;

In

In shrubberies or fences, various leaves
 Take shades diverse, throughout the season fear
 Varied, in flow gradation, till at last
 They take the tinge peculiar to the kinds,
 Which marks their down-fall with the setting sap.
 The oak, a yellow green; the plane tree dun;
 The sycamore, dark brown; the cherry, red;
 The hazle leaves to yellow much incline;
 Mapple and hornbeam, diff'rent tints receive
 Of yellow; yet more heighten'd, in the ash,
 To lemon colour; but the elm assumes
 An orange tint; the hawthorn, olive bright.

When these are to the final shade advanc'd,
 And fall, with breath of lightest waisted gales,
 The soil thy wheat demands. Be this immers'd
 In brine, or water of thy reservoir,
 Drain'd from manure: this the light grains buoy up,
 Unfit for vegetation, while the good
 Sink by their weight. Then pass the heavy seed
 Through lime, new-fallen, in a winnowing sieve

But

But apprehending frost, take care the wheat
 Is dry e'er it be dropp'd, for fear the germ,
 Frost-nipt, should never sprout, and blast thy hopes:
 Then plant thy lands at intervals, distinct
 Of twice two inches distance every way.
 Mark that utensil, ready still at hand,
 The candles to extinguish; such a form
 Thy dibbles give, but the inverted cone
 Is blunter, swelling more toward the cusp,
 Which from its point two inches and a third
 The dibble shoulders, turn'd a little up
 At the full swell; which keeps the new-pierc'd earth
 From falling inward, till thy seed is dropp'd.
 Of these have four, light-stav'd, and of a length
 That just inclin'd, with measur'd step, two hinds
 Thy lands may dibble; never grudge good hire
 To men experienc'd; not in truer time
 The bells ring round, nor pond'rous hammer peal
 In due rotation, quicker urg'd, to forge
 The massy anchor for a first-rate ship,

Which

Which on the flood a floating castle rides.

Lightly thou see'st them traverse o'er the lands,

All eye, all motion, and the spaces mark

With due precision, that the sun and air

May freely act, through every future stage

Of vegetation, to the ripen'd ear :

Nor this alone, for equal intervals,

Give free admission to extirpate weeds.

This course, if well pursu'd will save in seed

The charge of dropping : Children are for this

Best calculated ; their small fingers well

The seed distribute ; but especial care

Is here requir'd, to overlook them all ;

Two or three grains at most, may well suffice

For every dibble ; but in childish play

Some they o'erlook, in some the seeds are heap'd,

So that the germs, in sprouting suffocate

Each other ; children, often most to blame,

In this respect, will others criminate,

If

If wrangling follows, mind not their complaints,
But all o'erseeing, keep the clamour down.

Cover thy seed as dropp'd, before the birds
Can snatch it. Thorns drawn o'er the new-sown
lands,

Or light hand-rakes are best : The harrow teeth
Would bite too deep, displacing ev'ry range ;
Lay smooth the surface, cov'ring well the seeds,
Then, to the harvest's Lord commend thy hopes,

Now Nature to her nursing care receives
Thy seed, into the mellow tilth new dropp'd ;
She, but beginning, where she seems to end,
In her gyration, wonderful, persists,
Fresh pow'r collecting, when the sap descends,
More vig'rous, to exert that innate spring,
By the Creator on his works impress'd.
Hence, every plant concentrates, in its seed,
An embrio germ, the principle of life
Exhaustless ; to be farther multiply'd
While seeds exhibit, in their future plants

Varieties immense; yet in their kinds
 They all are kept distinct, nor any class
 Can pass the bounds, which mark the sev'ralty
 Peculiar, of the root, stalk, flow'r or seed,
 Which the experienc'd Botanists can trace
 To natives of the wild; whence all deduce
 Their origin. Thou seest the gay parterre
 Adorn'd with flow'rs, whose parent stocks were
 snatch'd

From mountain, hill or dale, and bushy dell,
 Numbers, that op'ning to the eye of day,
 Spontaneous bloom; yet some above the rest
 Excell in beauty, which the florists cull,
 And careful to their avenues transfer.
 Some, as with diadems of fret-work crown'd,
 Part, of a livelier tint, and starry-ey'd,
 Others, are broader disk'd, and emulate
 The moon, full orb'd; on most the blessed sun
 His image stamps, in vegetable gold,
 As when he shines at his meridian height,

Or ruddy fets, or streaks the eastern sky,
 While pearly dew-drops back reflect his beams :
 Then should Aurora, blushing, bride-like paint
 More gay than usual, or the show'ry arch
 In op'ning Heav'n, with colours more distinct
 Glow vivid, while the mealy dust in spikes
 Of flow'rs, by gentle Zephyrus impell'd,
 Or by the bees which range in search of sweets,
 Brush'd with their wings, and fixing on their thighs,
 The bloom impregnate ; haply thence, some plants
 May be exalted to a scent and hue
 Celestial ; like the flow'rs of Paradise,
 E'er thorns and thistles sprung, or uselefs weeds
 Constrain'd mankind to clear the ground, with toil
 Solicitous, and nurse the choicest plants ;
 For these, neglected, will again run wild,
 And back to their originals revert,
 Distinguish'd scarce from natives of the waste.

If these for pleasure, or the plants for use
 Mankind would cultivate, on man devolves

The care, to clear the soil from noxious weeds;
 Seeds to procure, the choice of ev'ry kind,
 And push the produce to its highest pitch
 Of melioration. Nature well repays
 What tillage lent. Thy seed, but lately dropp'd,
 Already, with her fructifying pow'r,
 Grows turgid, and the radicle uncoils,
 While, by its proper mucilage, self-fed,
 The embrio germ, from those integuments
 Which shrouded it before from cruder air,
 Puts forth, as earnest of a future crop,
 The blade, with mealy substance of the grain
 Nurs'd for a time, as with the mother's milk;
 But when the radicle and germ are form'd,
 The blade shoots upward, while the root beneath
 Detaches fibres, which may from the earth
 Draw nutriment, supporting in their growth
 The blades, which soon will cover all thy lands.

Nor fear a disappointment of thy hopes,
 But the luxuriance of the blades restrain

By timely feeding down : This makes the roots
 Shoot much more vig'rous offsets : Sheep are best
 For this intent. light treading on the lands.

Neglecting this, thy wheat may push the stalk
 Too early, e'er in spring, auxiliar roots
 Spread horizontal, from the central points
 Where first thy seeds were dropp'd, and in the tilth
 Cast off young shoots, on which thy future hopes
 Have most dependence. These soon equalize
 The parent stem, in height, which in the midst
 With its new offsets, tow'rs, as with a guard
 Of pikes surrounded, and in clumps dispos'd
 Each equidistant. So by line and rule
 A planter forms his Quincunx, to the eye
 Op'ning ; in whatsoever point of view
 Presented ; sidelong or direct, at squares
 Or angles, regular. So to the sight,
 Wild-fowl, web-footed, when they emigrate
 From Lincoln fens, to winter in the Isles
 Orkneys, or the Hebrides, in their flight

Due distance keep, and various figures form;
 'Triangular, or linear, nor the curves
 Are wanting, when the leaders of the flock
 Their stations change, and form the num'ral signs,
 First from Arabia, with the sciences
 Here introduc'd, what time reviving arts,
 Like the sun's course, kept verging to the west.

When thus in clumps thy wheat has form'd the
 stems,

Weed frequently, nor think this work complete
 Till ev'ry space is clear'd. The lands with care
 Examine, while sufficient intervals
 Give free access; nor leave the tilth o'ercharg'd
 With such vile inmates, to thy future crop
 Pernicious; not freebooters, when outlaw'd,
 Can more pernicious to the public range;
 Nor sycophants, in courts, the gracious ear
 Of Royalty, with adulation low
 And whisper'd lies more pester; while they drain
 Th' Exchequer, on the vitals of a state

With

With their dependants preying, to the grief
Of honest citizens, who pine, in want
Neglected, while the flatt'ring tribe grow rich.

Then clear thy lands in time from noxious weeds,
Thus, unincumber'd in its growth, the crop
Will be full-fed, unless the smut attacks
Thy new-form'd ears, when, not to be confin'd,
They burst the capsules, starting from a curve
To upright—so in sultry summer months,
Small fry, disporting, spring aloft; or trouts
With scarlet spotted, from the eddying stream
Dart at their destin'd prey, the insect swarms
That skim the flood, on filmy wings alert;
Or flies factitious gorge, by anglers cast;
Who, with choice plumage from the wings and necks
Of pheasants, grouse, or mallard, imitate
The flies they spring at, with elastic stems
Curv'd to their gills. So salmon overleap
Each obstacle, cascade, or thwarting weir,
Or rippling rapids, in the river Dee;

And

And stem the stream, with oary fins, to gain
 Small rivulets, where, on the shallow banks,
 They may deposit, safe, their embrio brood.

May heav'n defend thy wheat from blast, and
 smut ;

Whether a change, so fatal to the ear,
 Proceeds from insects small, which drain the milk
 With which the grains are fed, is yet unknown.
 Or it may rise from the peculiar states
 Of sunshine, rain and dew ; if pearly drops
 Hang on the blossoms, when the sun directs
 His rays obliquely, which the num'rous drops
 Converge to mirrours, and a focus hence
 May act, on ears, unshaded from his beams,
 Like lightning, or the smart electric shock ;
 Bursting their tender texture, while fix'd air
 From its quiescent, to an active state
 Reverts, and all the moisture thence expells,
 Leaving such traces as the nitrous grain
 Explosive makes, from mines, or metal tubes

With

With touch of glowing match, or stricken spark :
 Such marks of fire electric, on the ears
 Appear, which to a dust, impalpable
 Of grim platonian shade, at once has chang'd
 What flourish'd, just before, in healthy green.

This pest escap'd, thy wheat, may at its growth
 Tow'r up, a height, to make surrounding crops
 Sink in comparison. With full-fed ears
 The stalks, well hardned, by the air and sun,
 Bend wavy; while each stem the ear supports
 Erect in ranges, or one way inclin'd
 As the wind sways them; nor unseemly laid;
 So, marshal'd infantry, their stations keep
 Erect and motionless. Then, at the word,
 March to the onset, while their waving files
 Float, thro' the lengthning line, in act to seize
 The wreath of victory, each cheering each;
 The rearward rallies, and where'er the line
 Fluctuates, all observe the central part
 Mark'd by their standards, to collect each corps:

Whether to make a final charge, or keep
 Their vantage, at the first rude shock obtain'd ;
 Until the iron harvest of the field
 Is reap'd : So when the wheat, full ripe, demands
 Thy fickle, mayst thou, plenteous reap the sheaves.
 Nor fear to find a market for thy fruits,
 While the Canals, which inland junctions form,
 Give easy intercourse, at small expence,
 With towns well peopled, bringing back in freight
 Compost, for land, and means of full employ
 For industry ; transmitting either way
 Materials us'd in trade, and webs return'd
 Well-woven—Wages hence have been advanc'd—
 Many can now of independance boast ;
 Who once upon their townships, year by year,
 Lay heavy ; rated on the pauper list.
 Marriages hence increase, and village youth
 May be procur'd ; whether to mow the meads,
 Or tedd the grafs, and stack the new made hay ;
 To reap the corn, and gather in the sheaves ;

Or

Or keep the prongs employ'd, when food-full bulbs
Are, with dispatch, to be unearth'd, and stor'd.

Nor are they, when the harvest work is o'er,
To indolence, as heretofore, consign'd,
In wretchedness, through tedious winter months
To pine with hunger, shiv'ring in the cold,
Unless they rob the fences, for supply,
To make a transient blaze—Pit-coal at hand,
An easy purchase, heaps their winter fires,
Or crackling kannel gives a chearful light,
To save the make-weight, while around the hearth,
Or stoves late introduced, they card the wool,
Upon the many-spindled engines drawn
To an amazing fineness; such machines
Have been constructed, since the first attempt
Of art; producing, by mechanic pow'rs,
Inventions, past conception now advanc'd.

There, Industry, to recreate her toils,
Sings merry songs; re-echoed from the loom,
Where quick as any thought, the shuttle flies,

By Kay invented—Well that genius claim'd
 Protection and respect—but forc'd to France,
 An exile from his country, there he pin'd;
 Nor here enjoy'd the income and the praise,
 To his invention due, which now is found
 Of gen'ral use, and never laid aside
 In districts where it once is introduc'd.

All the advantages, which from Canals
 To farmers, land-holders, and trade result,
 Would be a task too tedious to compute;
 Or name the districts that communicate
 Each with the other, by this means alone.
 These, heretofore, without such intercourse,
 By distance, or by roads unpassable,
 Were sever'd, and withheld from the exchange,
 Either of their commodities in trade,
 Of fruits, by tillage rais'd, or those refuse
 Materials, wherewith some much more abound
 Than many others, yet of special use,
 Either for commerce, building, or manure.

Provisions,

Provisions, hence, to market are convey'd
 At less expence, and store of choicest fruit
 Is purchas'd, which before, in plenteous years,
 The charge of pressing scarcely would refund.
 Hence passengers, in barges, are convey'd
 Safe under cover, from inclement skies:
 For pleasure some, and some to markets round,
 Where prices still advance, and farmers gain
 More than equivalent to rising rents;
 Rendering the improvement of their land
 Worthy their utmost toil, and care, and cost.

Bridgewater's noble Duke, with ample mean
 For his grand undertaking, gave full proof
 That such an intercourse might be obtain'd,
 By his Canal—The plan at first confin'd
 But a small rivulet to navigate,
 Was neither, to his princely rank in life,
 Nor to his public spirit, adequate.
 This he rejected, and for ampler pow'rs,
 Proportion'd to his vast design, apply'd.

Lord

Lord Strange, apparent heir to Derby Earls,
 With all his interest, seconded the Peer,
 And persever'd, until their well-tim'd zeal
 Defeated Opposition, and obtain'd
 That pow'r, the Duke's extensive plan requir'd.
 But e'er the Act, for this intent was past,
 Cessation check'd his public works, of course:

At such a time, what hinder'd rank and wealth,
 That needful relaxation to enjoy,
 From thought o'erstretch'd, which rigid Virtue's rules
 May warrant, to renew the flagging springs
 Of active life—The bow, a while unbent,
 When strung again, with more elastic force,
 To its true aim, the feather'd arrow wings.
 And such cessation, to the mind imparts
 New energy, to prosecute its views—
 These motives, doubtless, might incline the Peer
 To mix in conversation, where the gay,
 And dissipated, votaries avow'd
 Of Pleasure, often, with seduction bland,

Corrupt

Corrupt the morals of unwary youth:
 But Public-Spirit baffled all attempts
 Of Pleasure's sworn adherents, to debauch
 A mind, in projects so immense engag'd.
 Mad'ning at this neglect, the softning pow'r
 To him appear'd, exerting all her arts,
 And all the tinsel lustre of her charms
 Display'd, to tempt him—Britain's native nymph
 Sweet Liberty, with each loose-girded Grace
 Howe'er unwilling, by the Syren press'd
 Compos'd her train—Not Flora in her prime
 Her bloom could equal—But the harlot's leer,
 And laughter loud, to his discerning mind
 Unmask'd her haggard form—His hand she caught
 With impudence consummate, such as marks
 Abandon'd prostitutes, while to the Peer
 Her glowing speech, thus artful she address'd.

Why all this stretch of thought? these toils and cares?
 Shall Fortune's Minion, thus employ the hours,
 Which those know best to value, who enjoy

Life,

Life, in the bloom of youth, its genial spring.

What madness this, in projects to engage—

An age may pass, your purpose to compleat—

With loss at last, of credit, care, and cost.

Would you by this, your name immortalize ?

Cease the pursuit of that mere phantom Fame ;

Her favours, are but air-blown bubbles all,

Subjecting, to the caprice of mankind,

The vain possessor—Soon as grasp'd they burst.

Or, should we grant, the founding of a name,

Can any purchase, worth the chase afford ;

The wise, without such toil, and vast expence,

Know how to purchase Fame—Some of game-cocks

Can boast a warlike breed, and matches fight.

Some, for the turf, can train high-blooded steeds.

Whether these fight a main, or win a race,

Diurnal writers celebrate their acts ;

None are in brilliant circles thought polite,

Unless they can the summer's sport recount,

At meetings round, and calculate the odds
With expedition, on a given chance.

I urge not how your revenues with ease
Might be employ'd, the Funds to influence—
There are, who by this method, have acquir'd
Riches immense, by which their names at once
Grow famous, at the Bank and Alley known—
But leave to earth-born souls, the sordid chace
Of riches—gayety and mirth attend
Your ev'ry wish, now in the bloom of youth,
To spice your cup, regal'd in my abodes ;
While ev'ry object gives you new delight.

Not waiting for an answer, still his hand
She in her grasp detain'd, as one who hears
A tale half-told, howe'er protracted long,
If some uncommon circumstance, suspends
His judgment, till the narrative is clos'd ;
In such suspense, her artful speech he heard—
When from her harpy grasp, his hand withdrawn,
She found him proof against her cunning wiles ;

H

And

And when her flattery could nought avail,
 She grew more impudent, in her address;
 Neglected still, she threatened all his plans
 With ruin, which projectors often find
 The fruit of vast contrivance, and expence;
 Collected in himself, he yet resolv'd
 To persevere, and stand the consequence;
 Weeping in turn, to move his manly mind,
 Again she urg'd the folly of delay,
 Youth, and the present leisure, unemploy'd,
 All wooing him, to mix in circles gay,
 And on the present vacant moments seize;
 Firm as a rock, oppos'd to foaming waves,
 Unmov'd he hear'd, or grew more resolute—
 Not virtue, simply, in the human mind,
 Could unsupported, such a tryal stand;
 But pow'rs unseen, at Heav'n's command, attend
 On such, as render talents, rank, and wealth,
 To the Community, by public works,
 Subservient: more enabled to good,

By their high stations, these are more expos'd
 To that bewitching Syren's cunning arts.
 Hence Public Spirit, ever on the Peer
 Attendant, to detect those artfull wiles
 In a full blaze of heavenly light burst forth
 To open view—Her hand a mirror held,
 In which the hateful Hag, was manifest
 By Truth's clear view—Rapacious and deform'd;
 Her ugly features seen, she slunk away,
 As bats and owls from the approach of light;
 Indignant, so, the gay seducer fled,
 And he, as from a reverie return'd—
 Whom briefly thus, the friendly Pow'r address'd.

'Tis thus, my Son, the wise in ev'ry age,
 When they in useful projects are employ'd,
 The arts of that Enchantress, learn to shun,
 He's still in danger, who has ne'er been try'd;
 But those, who have her fatal snares escap'd,
 Should they again be tempted, persevere.
 Just are your motives, noble is the plan,

Firm resolution, must the whole compleat;
 On then—Be well advis'd, and circumspect,
 Extend your views, nor fear the wish'd success,
 A princely income will the cost repay.

Concluding here, she left him well resolv'd
 Once more, his application to renew,
 For pow'rs enlarg'd, that might proportion bear,
 To his conceptions vast—Applauding votes
 Sanction'd the motion, to extend his Acts;
 By which he cross'd the Irwell, and produc'd
 A most stupendous work, where human art
 Has conquer'd Nature—Boats from beds of coal
 By subterranean waters, into light
 Emerging, o'er a spacious aquæduct
 Pass with their lading, as among the clouds,
 By multitudes with admiration seen:
 Till a new wonder their attention drew
 To where, across the low-lands, many a rood,
 Afforetime flooded, mounds of earth, high rais'd,
 Carried on the Canal, untill it cross'd

The Mersey—Op'ning down to Liverpool
 A wish'd for intercourse, which yet is found
 Unequal to the brisk demands of trade,
 And ev'ry Barge is certain of full freight.

Commerce and Agriculture, thus by turns
 Each other's interest mutually support ;
 Twin sisters, born of Industry, and rear'd
 To full maturity by Britain's care,
 Long brooding o'er them with her fost'ring wings,
 And, as the hen still guards, with anxious care,
 Her chicken brood, when over head, the kite
 Insidious wheeling, would a stragler pounce ;
 So Britain's Patriot Statesman at his post,
 Was more than ever active, to protect
 Commerce and Agriculture, from the gripe
 Rapacious, of their enemies avow'd ;
 Those inmate Levellers, with Politics
 Intoxicated, when they becon'd here
 French Democrats—Impatient to exchange
 Fraternization, with that fiend-like crew ;

Who,

Who, after all their horrid massacres,
 Unsatiated with blood, kept on their course ;
 By Heav'ns high suff'rance in their crimes uncheck'd,
 Till they fill'd up the measure of their guilt,
 And the most mild, of all the Bourbon Kings
 Was sacrific'd to their infernal rage
 A Victim ; under their abhor'd machine,
 Without remorse to decollation dragg'd,
 As if his royal head with holy oil
 Had never been anointed—Not allow'd
 The privilege, by murderers enjoy'd,
 To speak his mind, when with his hand stretch'd out,
 He only wish'd to pardon and to bless
 His people—Seiz'd, and forc'd down, in the act
 Of praying for the wretches, whose vile spite
 His mangled corps, immediately destroy'd ;
 Lest any relic of it should remain
 Their crimes to witness—Yet they could exult
 At such foul doings—Peace be to his soul,
 That for the love he to his people bore,

Suffer'd

Suffer'd this insolence—To acts of pow'r
 And shedding blood averse—More vengeance, hence,
 Must fall on those, who gloried in the stains
 His blood impress'd—Not now to be discharg'd
 By other means, but what the harden'd Jews
 Experienc'd, when their city was besieg'd
 By foes without, while they within were scourg'd
 With famine, pestilence and civil war.

Well have the watchful guardians of our isle,
 Cut off all intercourse, by penal laws,
 With that abandon'd race, for vengeance ripe.
 Their Democratic poyson, hence expell'd,
 Britain may be secure—While annual there
 The spade and coulter shine—There Industry
 Supporting Commerce plys her daily task.
 Hence wares are furnish'd from enormous piles
 For merchants, who transmit on various tides
 Her staple Fabrics, to each foreign clime.

While these support the people and provide
 Funds, which her fleets and armies may maintain,
 And other states from her encreasing stock, The

The calls perpetual of their wants supply ;
 While Agriculture, with new-model'd plow,
 Her darling daughter, is so much caress'd ;
 The Sciences improve ; and tuneful verse
 Her Fame perpetuates—Might this strain survive
 As that extends,—The hours were not misspent,
 What time I wander'd up the heath-clad hill,
 Which Overton and Frodsham high o'erlooks,
 To wooe the sacred Sisters—Long detain'd
 In conversation with my friendly Host,
 Who both propos'd the Theme, and gave the verse
 Due castigation, nor a line escap'd
 His Critical accumen, when we sung
 Of Tillage, where the sedgy Weever joins
 The stately Mersey's navigable waves ;
 Which, o'er an ample Æstuary roll'd,
 Her copious tribute to the Ocean pays.



